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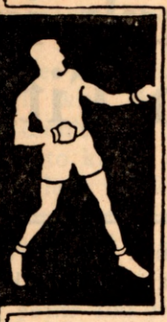

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PR

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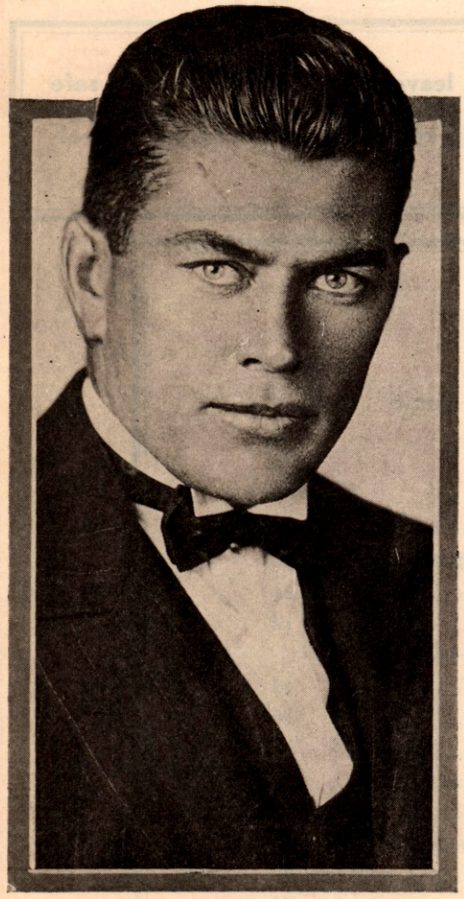
Poison of Worry Quenched Spark in Dempsey and Helped Tunney Win Title

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

WHAT happened to Jack Dempsey the night he met Gene Tunney in Philadelphia? What robbed Dempsey of his pepper, his power, his punch? Was it the three year layoff, or was it mainly a succession of events leading up to the defence of the heavyweight title?



Gene Tunney

We shall tell the story as we got it right after the fight—and then we shall give the Dempsey side of it in an interview with the deposed champion—one of the very few extended talks he has given since he went into semi retirement in New York right after the loss of his laurels.

As we got it from a most reliable source after the big fight, Dempsey was poisoned during the week leading to the battle.

By the term "poisoned" we do not mean that anybody put a draught of hemlock into Jack's tea. We do not mean that Dempsey was the victim of a plot—that anybody administered to the then champion a poisonous substance.

Poisoned by Worry

DEMPSEY was poisoned by worry.

He worried over his failure to reach his old form.

He worried over Jack Kearns' harassing attacks in the courts, which only a few days before the fight came near resulting in Dempsey's being arrested on a writ in Atlantic City. This plot was foiled by a New York detective.

Dempsey was poisoned very much as Jess Willard was poisoned at Toledo. But Willard's sepsis was one of fear. Jess was ill advised in his training—or rather, not advised at all, and as the fight with Dempsey approached realized that he was not in shape. He was for postponing the fight but "Tex" Rickard induced Jess to stay. Willard was beaten from the opening gong.

An official who went to the Willard cottage the day before the fight told us later that Jess was incoherent—that he could not utter two connected sentences. "The man was poisoned by his own forebodings," said our informant.

Dempsey became a victim of auto intoxication. Several days before the fight he found that even Tommy Loughran was making him look bad. He began to have his doubts. A doctor examined him and advised him to have the fight postponed.

Near a Breakdown

"YOU are verging on a nervous breakdown and if you fight and get a beating you may suffer serious injury," the medico told Dempsey. This was on the day of the fight. Twenty-four hours previous Dempsey had suffered an attack of dysentery. Big doses of paregoric, which is a solution of opium, were used in fighting this ailment. As the battle approached Dempsey was groggy.

They say that Jack got a "shot in the arm" before he went into the ring. At any rate, he looked bad in the first round—sleepy—and his handlers gave him a terrific whiff of ammonia. This almost blinded him. It woke him a bit but three rounds later the reaction set it. That's how smelling salts work. Dempsey became listless again.

Dempsey weaved and bobbed but he could not strike his knockout blow. And he lost—beaten by Tunney, and the sepsis of worry.

With this story in our mind, we went to Jack Dempsey in his apartment in New York for his own version.

Jack Dempsey

Offers No Excuses

"TUNNEY beat me because he was the better man that night," said Dempsey." If we meet again it may be another story. But Gene is a great fighter, worthy of the championship, and he will be harder than ever to beat next time."

"Tell us what happened leading up to the fight," we asked.

"Here's the dope," said Dempsey. "A week before the fight I began to realize that I was nothing like my old fighting self. I was for either calling

the fight off or asking for a postponement, I sat up in bed thinking what to do. I hesitated about asking Rickard to cancel the fight because the sale was so large and he had so much at stake. Finally I decided to go through with the battle. I figured that I didn't have to be half my fighting self to knock off Tunney."

"The last week was a torture to me," continued Jack. "One day I'd feel good and the next day I'd feel rotten. I don't know what came over me. I just broke down. Nothing could help me. I didn't tell the gang around me what was what for fear they'd become worried. I kept everything to myself. Jack Kearns' law suits didn't bother me one bit. That's the truth.

'Then came the day of the fight. I had a light dinner after I weighed in, a couple of lamb chops and toast. Started to feel a little better. Joked around with the boys a bit.

Was Handled Well, He Says

"THE only thing I had in my mind when I climbed through the ropes was to finish the job as quickly as possible. I was handled magnificiently. I have no kick on that score. But they couldn't fight the fight for me.

"In the first two rounds Tunney kept throwing the right hand after he'd stopped me dead in my tracks with left hooks and jabs. He wasn't hurting me."

"Why didn't you finish him when you had him on the ropes in the fourth round?"

"I'll explain," said Jack. "I knew I had him in a bad fix and was for knocking him over the top rope, but I just couldn't wind up the right hand to save my life. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak, to use a famous Biblical expression."

"Did he hurt you at any time?" we interrogated.

"It was not until the eighth round that I began to feel his punches," Dempsey recalled. "My two eyes were gone. The boys had used an overdose of collodion trying to patch up my right eye. Tunney used some vicious blows on the right eye. I felt as though a ton of bricks had fallen on me.

Blinded in the Tenth

"BEGINNING the tenth and last round I was almost sightless. Thank the stars the fight was for only ten rounds, because I think if the fight had gone two more the referee would have been compelled to step in and stop it. Tunney wouldn't have knocked me out, I'm frank to state, but the referee, realizing that I couldn't do myself justice with both of my eyes out of commission, would have been forced to do the next best thing and halt proceedings.

"I didn't give up hope all through the fight. I always thought I had a chance. The wet canvas didn't bother me. But I realized early in the fight that I wasn't one tenth the man I was the afternoon I knocked off Willard.

"After the fight I took stock of what had happened and realized for the first time that competition is the spice of an athlete's life. I hadn't fought in three years, and take it from me if you're not in there all the time you can't be yourself, I have no one to blame but myself."

"BUT I am not going to be fooled by myself again," continued Dempsey." I want to fight Tunney once more, and he is ready to give me the first crack at the title. But I am going to satisfy myself thoroughly that I am there before I sign articles for a return bout. I don't want to follow in the footsteps of unfortunates who did not realize that they had lost that vital spark and were punched goofy.

"I want three or four fights under my belt before meeting Tunney again—that is, if my preliminary training satisfies me and I know that I can stage a comeback. If I find that I still cannot kindle that old spark I will announce my retirement from the ring. I will give myself six weeks of hard training in which to find out if I have the foundation on which to build a comeback.

"I want to fight Persson, the Swedish heavyweight, in New York for Rickard. There are two or three others I would like to stow away before meeting Tunney. If I am right and go through with it, we ought to draw another capacity house no matter where we fight. And nobody else will draw that way with Tunney.

Good Advice to Gene

"I WANT to tell Gene to fight, and fight often. The rust of inactivity kills the boxer. I regret now that I did not meet them all—Wills and the rest. It was a big mistake for me not to have fought Wills right after I beat Carpentier. I was pretty good then, though not the fighter I was the day I knocked out Willard."

There's your story. Dempsey substantially admitted that he had been poisoned by worry. That he wasn't fit for the fight was indicated soon afterward, when he broke out in boils. He had caught a skin disease from some member of his training staff and this had helped undermine him physically.

This story is offered with no attempt to minimize the feat recorded by Tunney. Gene did a fine job of it that rainy night in Philadelphia.

If Dempsey finds that he has the goods with which to come back there will be many backers for Jack. But Gene will be the favorite this time. And no doubt he will win again.

HARRY GREB

(The Windmill is Stilled Forevermore)

By NORMAN DALY

O! BOXING WORLD, in Mournful Numbers,
Sing a Requiem O'er His Tomb,
Where the Warrior in Death doth Slumber;
Torn Away in Brilliant Bloom.
O! Boxing World, Come Gather Round Him,
And Say a Prayer O'er His Holy Bier;
For the Yawning Grave hath Found Him,
And Death hath closed His Bright Career.

O! BOXING WORLD, in Tones of Sadness,
For Our recent Joy and Gladness
Now are Changed to Bitter Pain.
Great Salt Tears are fast Descending
From Our Dim and Weeping Eyes;
Great Strong Hearts Together Blending
Deeply Draw the Heaving Sighs.

O! BOXING World, With Dim Eyes Weeping,
And Whose Heart is Filled with Gloom,
As We Mourn for the Warrior, Sleeping
Silent in His Tranquil Tomb.
Yet there's Joy amid Our Grieving,
And it Soothes Affliction's Rod—
Heavenly Bless He's Now Receiving
In the Presence of His God.

TO HARRY WILLS

By FRANK O'CONNELL

Give me a ticket for Nowhere,
And make it a non-stop trip.
I thought I was going Somewhere,
I guess I have lost my grip.

Heavyweight Crop is Not Impressive—Downfall of Former Idols Increases Interest in Division

By NAT FLEISCHER
(Publisher and Editor, THE RING)

THE past few weeks has seen an upheaval in the heavyweight division. What with the downfall of Jack Dempsey, the elimination of the former champion's Nemesis, Harry Wills, the rise of Jack Sharkey, shifting from the picture of Knute Hanson and the rapid rise of Monte Munn, the future of this class is extremely bright. As was predicted, the defense of the crown by Dempsey and his defeat at the hands of Gene Tunney, have revived an interest in boxing, particularly in the heavyweight class, and from now on and for many months to follow, we may expect to see the giants of the roped square gather in the shekals.

As in the case of Dempsey, the sorrowful showing of Wills struck the fans with cyclonic effect. Few there were among Wills' thousands of adherents, who could foresee anything but victory for the negro. Yet to use the vernacular, the man who chased Dempsey around the country in an effort to obtain a crack at the title, was all but annihilated. He proved a mark for Sharkey, who battered him from pillar to post in their Columbus Day night bout at Ebbet's Field. Wills looked a sorry sight as he went from the ring. He passed from the picture a sadder but wiser fellow, for like Dempsey, he realized too late that fights in the newspapers instead of in the roped square, do not fit a man for a real battle.

* * *

Not an Impressive Crop

WITH the exception of Sharkey, the crop of heavies who are parading before the public, is not an impressive one. Of the dozen or more who have appeared in the past month in the elimination contests at the new Madison Square Garden, Harry Persson and Jim Maloney appear to be the best. As championship material, all fall short of the mark. Maloney, by his victory over Arthur De Kuh whom he floored eight times, injected himself into the scene. The rejuvenated Hubite has improved fifty per cent in his last two starts. Another Sharkey-Maloney fight would pack 'em in.

Monte Munn's poor showing against Carl Carter proved a keen disappointment. Although he won when the referee disqualified Carter for refusing to fight, the Nebraskan's efforts did not please those who heretofore have been singing his praise, Franz Diener, the so-called German heavyweight champion, is only a punching bag. Knute Hansen is out of the picture. He can box but he can't take it. His heart is not "there."

Time will tell, and perhaps ere next spring arrives, all the above named battlers will have met their doom and a new crop come into the fistic spotlight.

* * *

Still Others in the Field

WHEN Gene Tunney is ready to don the mitts again, he will find two worthy challengers knocking at his door. We have reference to Jack Delaney, light heavyweight champion, and Paul Berlenbach. Right now Delaney scales 186. He is eager to box Tunney. He believes sincerely in his ability to topple the former Marine off his perch. A few days ago Oom Paul announced his determination to enter the heavyweight procession.

While the youngsters, or future greats, are making little or no progress, men like Delaney, Berlenbach, Sharkey and Maloney, loom up as the most dangerous opponents for the man who made pugilistic history when he dethroned the great Jack Dempsey.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of heavyweights, let us not forget the wonderful reception accorded Jack Dempsey upon his appearance in Madison Square to receive from the Boxing Writers' Association of Greater New York, a championship belt held over from last April. Jack in defeat, is a greater idol with the fight fans than the Dempsey who held the championship, if that marvelous greeting, one of the greatest ovations ever given a fighter in New York, is to be used as a criterion. Only one interpretation can be placed upon that demonstration—that Jack Dempsey must be given a return bout by Gene Tunney, and that whenever and wherever that fight is fought, a gathering such as never has cheered for a contestant, will root for the former title-holder to win.

Tex Rickard already has the signatures of Tunney and Dempsey for such a contest and if Jack finds himself fit to re-enter the ring, the bout will be staged in this city next summer.

* * *

Fickle Fight Fans

THE fickleness of the fight fans was well exemplified in Madison Square Garden on the night Tunney and Dempsey received their belts from the Boxing Writers' Association. In contrast to the wonderful reception accorded Dempsey, Tunney, when he entered the ring was greeted by jeers, booes and hisses from the gallery boys. Why the booing and hissing, no one seemed to know.

It was only a few months ago when Jack Dempsey received the same kind of treatment from New York fight fans. The cheering was all for Harry Wills and the hissing for Dempsey when they appeared in Tex Rickard's arena.

The booing of Tunney was extremely unfair. His clean life, his fair ring tactics, his fair sportsmanship both before and after his battle with Dempsey, entitle him to better treatment. Prior to his contest for the heavyweight crown, he was the idol of the fight followers. They rooted hard for him to beat Dempsey, who was most unpopular because of his refusal to fight Wills and his failure to serve in the world war, yet no sooner does he turn the unexpected through a clean-cut, honest, fair and square battle, than the mob turns against him and makes Dempsey the popular hero.

Just another example of the fickleness of the sports followers. What the boys in the gallery at the Garden did to Tunney, they did to the Yankees in the world's series, to Babe Ruth, and to Berlenbach, another of New York's own, when he was the light-heavyweight champion. Berlenbach, like Dempsey, has proved a greater hero in defeat than he was as title holder.

And so it goes!

* * *

May His Soul Rest in Peace

HARRY GREB, the Human Windmill, is gone, but his memory will live forever!

The former world's middleweight and light heavyweight

(*Continued on page 7*)

Ring Dictionary

By NORMAN DALY

AMBITION: that which drives one through the fray to win success some future day.

BACKBONE: which holds the fighter's head up high, and determines him to try.

CHAMPION: one, who from the floor, can rise again to win once more.

DETERMINATION: the stuff that makes a man **do** the things, he thinks he can.

EFFORT: without which one's fond dreams must be down-trodden in the dust.

FAIRPLAY: to give the other a fighting chance, and the opportunity to advance.

GAMENESS: the guts and gumption and the grit to **fight** for success, not **wait** for it.

HEADWORK: to look around and learn the ropes, so that one can fulfill one's hopes.

INCENTIVE: that which encourages one along to try one's best to finish strong.

JEALOUSY: the evil seed from which the weeds grow in the Garden of Good Deeds.

KNOCKOUT: a discouraging blow dealt out by Fate, which can be wiped out soon or late.

LUCK: for which the failures calmly wait, idly leaving all to Fate.

MORALE: that "inner-self" that points the way to do the right thing every day.

NERVE: to tackle a task the rest can't do, and not give up till it's put through.

OPPORTUNITY: the chance that comes to show your stuff and won by those who didn't bluff.

PERSISTANCE: to get right in and fight like hell from opening gong to closing bell.

QUALITIES: the attributes of men who win, which are Courage, Honesty and Vim.

RESOLUTE: resolved to do one's leveled best to be prepared to meet the test.

SUCCESS: the heights attained by good hard work; by those who didn't shift nor shirk.

TOIL: the hard work that one must do if one's dreams are to come true.

UPRIGHT: doing the thing one thinks is right, and putting all bad things to flight.

VIGOR: the vim and pep of manly health that helps to earn one fame and wealth.

WINNER: he uses his hands, his head, his eyes, he's the man who wins because he tries.

X-CHAMPION: one who fought and won his place in success's Seat of Grace.

YIELD: to give in—to say you're done, to lose a fight you may have won.

ZEST: the keen happiness that lies in the healthy athlete's eyes.

HEAVYWEIGHT CROP NOT IMPRESSIVE—(*Continued from page* 6)

champion passed away after an operation on his nose in Atlantic City on October 22, and with his passing the field of pugilism has lost one of the most colorful, one of its greatest fighters of the age.

Only a few days before his untimely death, Harry had conferred with Jess McMahon, Garden matchmaker, relative to obtaining several bouts in Tex Rickard's fistic emporium this winter, and now he lies six feet beneath the sod, mourned by thousands of his admirers. The Pittsburgh Windmill had a remarkable ring record, which extended over a period of thirteen years. He engaged in more than 300 battles and lost only four contests, was knocked out only once and fought two draws. Truly remarkable for a fellow who fought at such a whirlwind pace as did Greb.

Harry Greb led a life that was full of activity. He was just as active in his civil existence as he was in the ring. Life with him was just one round of excitement. He was ceaselessly active, a human symbol of perpetual motion. He loved life and he loved the ring.

Often, without any training, he took part in three and sometimes four bouts a week and came through triumphant. His craving for pleasure was almost abnormal, and when he couldn't obtain that pleasure in the ring, he found it in night clubs and cabarets. To some, this life seemed exceedingly wild, and his defeat at the hands of Tiger Flowers was attributed to this craving, yet those who knew Harry Greb intimately, realized that he was constituted as few other boxers in modern history, and what to them appeared as indulging in excesses, was nothing more than another way of training for this wonderful boxing idol.

When he dropped his title to Flowers and finally succumbed to ether, it was physical unfitness, a draining of the physical resources brought on by thirteen years of the most active kind of fighting, that caused the break.

THE HUMAN WINDMILL, HARRY GREB, HAS PASSED ON BUT HIS MEMORY WILL LIVE ON FOREVER!

When a history of the American Ring is written, it will record the name of Harry Berg, pugilistically known as Harry Greb, as one of the greatest fighters of his weight that ever donned the mitts.

May His Soul Rest In Peace!

* * *

British Boxing Progress

WITH the importation of Jack Hood, Alf Mancini and Teddy Baldock, the American fight fans are realizing that there is a considerable improvement in the class of English boxers coming to this country.

Ted Broadribb, who is here with the above boxers, declares that the boxers of England are improving because the London County Council Schools, which work in conjunction with all the Council Schools of Great Britain, have during the past five years formed an athletic association in which they encourage schoolboys and girls of the working classes to take up every form of athletics. The boys especially have shown a great aptitude for boxing, and it is from the ranks of these boys that the present good crop has sprung.

Several very promising former schoolboy boxers are showing great promise. Two are Teddy Baldock, now in America, and Young Standley, of Battersea, London, The latter is carrying every thing before him in the bantam division. Another very prominent boy is Phil Lolosky, an East Side Jewish lad, who is undefeated in the flyweight ranks. Another youth who it is predicted will be heard from is John Peters, from Battersea, London. From a caravan boy, through boxing, he is learning to be an artist. He is unbeaten. He has won numerous competitions from 56 pounds to 112 pounds, including three all-British schoolboy championships.

It is from these lads that England is getting its new and better crop of boxers. It is with these boys that Great Britain hopes to revive boxing and bring it back to the old standard.

Coffroth Picks Bob Fitzsimmons in Three Places on His All-Time Boxing Team

By JAMES W. COFFROTH

DURING my career as a boxing promoter extending over a stretch of thirteen years—1901 to 1914 to be exact—I staged fifty or more championship contests in San Francisco, which in that era was the hotbed of fistiana. New York was comparatively quiet while California teemed with twenty round and finish fights.

In my reign as premier promoter I witnessed some of the most thrilling battles that ever were staged, in fact, I have yet to see their equal, I saw some great champions come and go. Most of the fighters who fought for me would easily have whipped the majority of champions now occupying the fistic spotlight.

In those days the boys had to fight every second they were in there. Money was secondary to fame—every man took the superiority angle seriously. While on the subject I believe the fighting stock as a whole has deteriorated fifty percent in the last ten years.

It will surprise oldtimers, I mean men who saw real fighters in action and who are as capable as I am picking the greatest scrappers, to read from my pen that I unhesitatingly pick Bob Fitzsimmons as the peer of them all. They may disagree with my triple selection of Fitzsimmons as the leader of heavies, light heavyweights and middleweights. But I will stand by my picking. In other words, I feel that I have not erred placing Ruby Robert at the top of the ladder in the three classes.

Just One Fitzsimmons

WE may never live to see another Fitzsimmons. What a wonderful fighter he was! He knocked out Jim Corbett for the heavyweight championship at the unheard weight of 156½ pounds. I know this to be a fact because I weighed him in on the day of battle in the Carson City, Nevada penetentiary. The fight was held in Carson City on March 17, 1897.

Don't get the idea that Bob was a prisoner but the penitentiary was the only place in which we could find the proper scales. Fitz was in the proverbial pink. He came through like a house on fire. Corbett had him cut and bleeding. Bob feigned grogginess but the moment Jim got careless Fitz shot over the finishing punch.

I'd like to have picked the present Jack Dempsey as second best to Fitz, but as I am assigned to select one only I must in all fairness pick Bob. For years I have been talking and writing on Fitzsimmons as the greatest heavyweight of all time, and I can't go back on my previous statements.

COFFROTH'S ALL TIME BOXING SELECTIONS

Heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons.
Light Heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons.
Middleweight—Bob Fitzsimmons.
Welterweight—Joe Walcott.
Lightweight—Joe Gans.
Featherweight—Abe Attell.
Bantamweight—Frankie Neil.
Flyweight—Jimmy Barry.

Fitz stood head and shoulders over the light heavyweight brigade. When this division came into being I matched Fitz with George Gardner. The weight in those days was 168 pounds. Fitz came in at 162. The bout was held in November 1903. Of course, Bob was returned victorious. Gardner put up a valiant battle but he was no match for the lanky Cornishman. Jack O'Brien whipped the shell of the great Fitzsimmons two years later.

Fitz Again the Choice

NOW we come to the middleweight class. For the life of me I can't select a greater middleweight than Fitzsimmons. He scaled 154 pounds for the historic encounter with Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. Fitz in that bout rose to his greatest heights. Dempsey was nobody's fool. He had a fighting heart second to none.

It will be remembered that Fitz battered the Nonpareil from pillar to post and before he knocked him out in the thirteenth round he pleaded with the referee to stop the uneven contest. Dempsey would have none of it however, so there was nothing left for Fitz to do but knock him as cold as the proverbial mackerel.

The bout was staged on January 14, 1891, at New Orleans. I have in mind a few other marvellous middleweights such as Stanley Ketchel, Kid McCoy, Tommy Ryan, Billy Papke, Mike Gibbons, Jimmy Clabby, Frank Klaus and Eddie McGoorty but they didn't compare with Fitz.

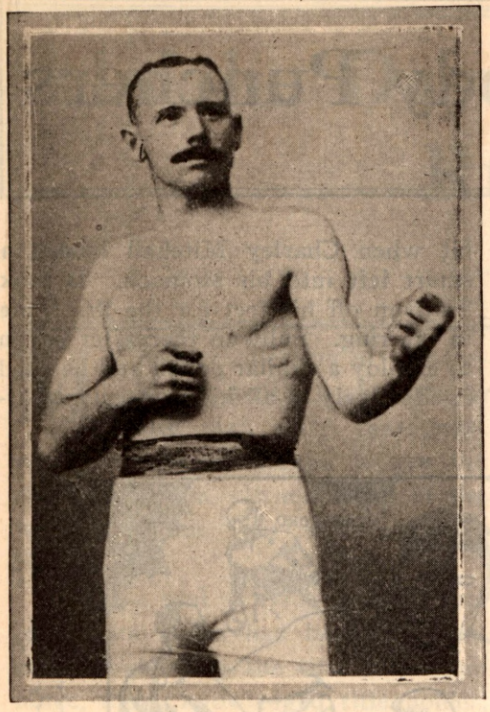
Before I proceed on my candidates in the lighter divisions, I want to reveal the size of purses for heavyweight championships in my days and at the present time. We thought in San Francisco, or at least I did, that all the money in the world was thrown into the arena the days Jim Jeffries and Jim Corbett fought. The "gate" amounted to $62,340.

Big Gates of Other Days

IT was a whopper. At Coney Island Sharkey and Jeffries drew $62,000. What a difference a few years make. The Carpentier-Dempsey debacle attracted 80,000 to 90,000 customers for $1,611,000 receipts, and the recent Dempsey-Tunney event in the rain soaked Philadelphia Sesqui ring the net receipts totalled more than $1,800,000. So much for that.

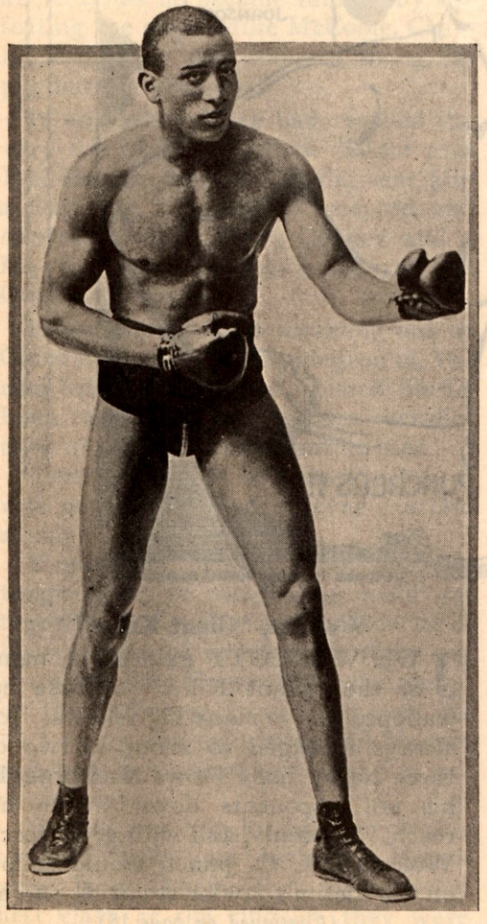
Next to Fitzsimmons, two of the greatest fighters who ever laced the gloves on their hands were the late, lamented Joe Gans and Abie Attell. They were forced time and time again to go out of their class for competitive purposes. Otherwise they might have starved to death. Invariably they brought home the bacon.

Another fighter who was forced to fight heavies, light heavies and middleweights in order to keep the wolf from his door was the small but tremendous hitting Joe Walcott. What a baby he was! Fighter every inch



Bob Fitzsimmons

of him. We'll never live to see his equal in the welter division. He fought any and everybody his manager matched him with. He didn't squawk about the size of the purse. All he wanted was action. He could fight night in and night out and feel all the better for it. He had everything, punch, speed and heart.



Joe Gans

Gans Best Counterer

GANS was a marvel. He was the best counterer I have ever seen or ever hope to see. He was in a class by himself. He too, fought middleweights and welters and he licked them all, including Walcott. He had the feint down to perfection. It was a treat to see the Baltimore Negro feint his opponents into knots, and then when he was ready put over the slumber blow.

He used to bet on himself and on the round he'd stop his man. If he wagered on the sixth and he happened to strike a hard blow in the fifth round he would step away and give his man a chance to recover. Then in the sixth he'd put over the crusher. None of the lightweights of today would have stood a ghost of a chance against the cool, calculating, annihilating Gans.

Benny Leonard, who is a great friend of mine, never lived to see the day he could have beaten Gans. And that's saying a mouthful. I could write half a dozen books on Gan's boxing ability and then I wouldn't tell it all.

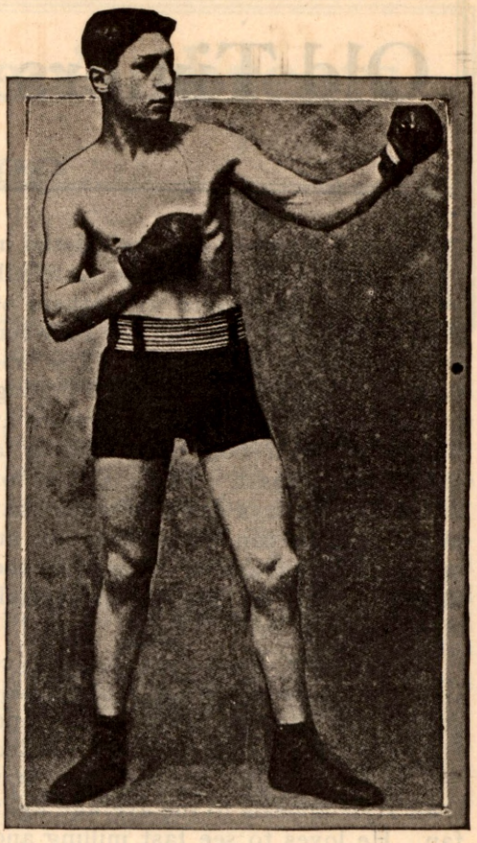
Attell was the nearest thing to Gans from a scientific standpoint. Abie could hit and he proved his worth under fire in several stirring battles. He had to fight lightweights while he was only a light feather for the same reason as did Fitz, Walcott and Gans. Otherwise he'd had no competition. He was a real champion.

George Dixon was another wonderful featherweight but I am forced to select Abie over the Chocolate Drop. I believe Attell was a better all around fighter than Dixon. The selection between the pair is very close, but I'll stick to Attell as long as I live.

Some Great Bantams

THERE was a flock of good bantams in my time. Frankie Neil, of California, in my opinion was the best. He knocked out Harry Forbes in five rounds for the title. He was a two-fisted scrapper, knew when and how to punch and he could take it till the cows came home. He was a veritable demon in action. The faster the milling the better he liked it.

The flyweight division didn't amount to much during my promotorial days and I didn't see Jimmy Wilde and Pancho Villa. But from what I have heard from men who knew what they were talking about Jimmy Barry must have been the greatest in that class. They tell me he was a Gans, Walcott and Neil thrown into one.



Abe Attell

I eased myself out of the fight picture in 1918 after I promoted a few hundred fights in aid of the United

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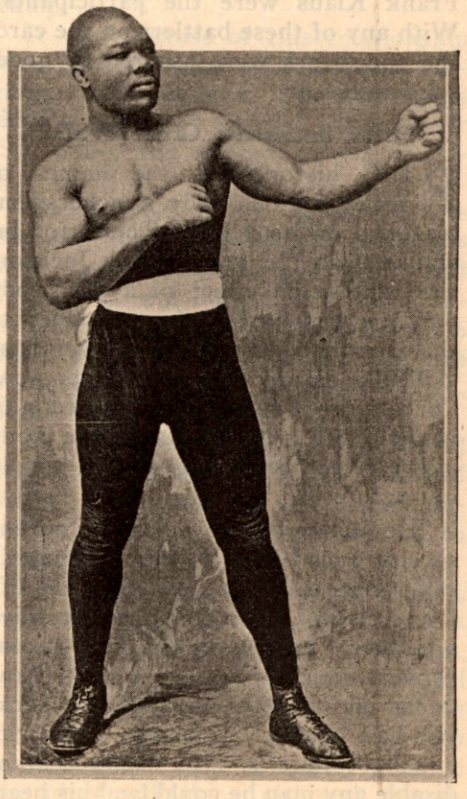


Joe Walcott

Old Timers Excelled as Body Punchers

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

BODY punches such as existed in the days of Stanley Ketchell, Terry McGovern and others of their period, are few and far between in the present generation. The opposite extreme to the style of milling of the early nineties is the vogue at present. Clean body punching is a thing of the past. The majority of fighters nowadays fail to realize that more damage can be inflicted on an opponent by crashing blows to the stomach than by forcing an attack to the face or jaw.

Boxers like Berlenbach, Phil McGraw, Stanislaus Loayza, Ruby Goldstein, Lew Tendler, Gene Tunney and Harry Wills, of the present era, packed 'em in for no other reason than that their style appeals to the average fight fan. He loves to see fast milling and heavy body punching and each of the above named scrappers possesses both.

What fight fan would care to miss a show in which Stanley Ketchell, Terry McGovern, Battling Nelson, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Ad Wolgast, Mexican Joe Rivers, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette, Joe Gans, Billy Papke, Jack Johnson, Jack Dillon and Frank Klaus were the participants? With any of these battlers on the card, the spectators were assured of good, solid milling.

Peter Jackson's Great Wallop

RING history has the names of many famous body punchers emblazoned on its pages. There, for instance, was the great Peter Jackson, who knew the effect of a stiff body punch. And Jim Corbett testifies to the fact that Peter could deliver it as skillfully as any fighter he ever new. Corbett often remarked that in his 61 round bout with Jackson, the body blows of the giant negro were simply murderous.

"He just got one in on me in the second round and it was a stinger." said Corbett. "You can bet you life I was careful after that not to receive annother," continued Jim in a recent conversation, as he placed his hand under his heart to show where Jackson had landed. This was a favorite punch of Peter's. He would beat or disable any man he could land his heart blow on when he was really Peter Jackson, in good fighting condition.

Charley Mitchell re-introduced the stomach punch when he came over here in 1883. It had been used by a number of old American fighters when boxing was in its infancy in this country. Most of our leading fighters specialized in this until John L. Sullivan came on the scene. The big fellow was an out-and-out head fighter. He never seemed to consider how effective the body blow was when he first became champion.

He won all his mills with a K. O. punch to the point of the chin. He felt that was the only effective punch one could land. But he began to think a bit when Charley Mitchell landed a smart left into his stomach. It took Sullivan off his feet for the first time in the ring. Sullivan thereafter began to employ a similar punch and he used it effectively in all his subsequent battles.

Wolcott, "Giant Killer"

JOE WOLCOTT gained the name of the "Giant Killer" because he walloped out so many big fellows. Joe always managed to shoot in two or three heavy body blows that brought his tall opponents down within his reach. Suddenly, and with great force, Wolcott's K. O. punch would follow on the victim's jaw or stomach, and all

(*Continued on page* 13)

In the Days when Gunmen's threats Ruled the Referee

By AL SPINK
(Dean of World's Boxing Experts)

MY first recollection of a championship battle harks back to more than sixty years ago, when I went to Omaha to see the meeting for the championship of the world between Tom Allen and Ben Hogan.

It was a real world's championship battle, for Allen had become champion by claiming the title after Jem Mace, the acknowledged title holder, had retired and by holding it in fights with Joe Goss and Mike McCoole.

ALLEN was born in Birmingham, England, in 1840, and first came into prominence when, in 1870, he fought Jem Mace for the championship of England. After his defeat by Mace, he came to this country, and at St. Louis he became famous by defeating the giant Mike McCoole, Charley Gallagher and other of the great pugilists of that day.

It was when Allen had reached the very top of the pugilistic ladder that Ben Hogan, then of Omaha, sent him a challenge, which Allen accepted, and one night, with Allen, Looney and a big St. Louis crowd, I set out for Omaha.

It was an all-night scramble out of Omaha to reach the battleground, the ring being pitched near Council Bluffs, Iowa, and just beyond the jurisdiction of the Nebraska authorities.

Assembled about the roped inclosure was as fine a crowd as ever scuttled a ship.

Hogan had brought with him the toughest lot of rowdies he could get together in Omaha, and had declared his intention of winning the fight any old way. But Hogan had not counted on the gathering from St. Louis, led by Looney, the man eater and his two gun boys who were prepared for any emergency.

So well was this St. Louis mob able to hold their own with the Hogan gang from Omaha that at the very first clash at the ringside they were easily able to install Looney as chief arbiter and referee.

THE selection of Looney as referee was first blood for the Allen crowd, and the Hogan men were furious for they had counted on selecting an official who would give them the fight whether Hogan won it fairly or not.

When time was called, Allen went at his opponent like a greyhound released from the leash. He pounded Hogan all over the ring.

At the close of the very first round there was a commotion in Hogan's corner. He was evidently instructing his henchmen what to do, for before the start of the second round, a crowd of Hogan's friends broke into the ring and their leader, pointing a revolver at the referee's head, shouted:

"Give us the decision or I'll kill you!"

Any other man in the world would have weakened, perhaps, but Looney, who had often faced a gun, smiled at the intruder and shouted back:

"I've got too much good sense."

Looney's nerve saved the day. Instead of breaking up the fight, it continued until Allen had won fairly and squarely, and until Looney had given the decision to his man. After the fight, Looney marshaled his forces and led them back to Omaha without a shot being fired or a man injured. But for his nerve, there is no telling what might have happened.

IT was on the return of Looney and his gang to St. Louis from Omaha that the former planned to put Tom Allen out of business for Allen, having beaten Mike McCoole, was flying high and ignoring Looney who had really brought him to St. Louis and given him his start in this country.

And so this time, when it happened that Allen was trimming Gallagher, the Looney gang jumped into the ring and, surrounding Referee Val McKinney, ordered him to declare Gallagher a winner on a foul.

McKinney, fearing for his life, begged to be excused, promising to render a fair and impartial decision in the newspapers the next day.

It was well he did this, for all the way back to St. Louis on the steamer, there was rough and tumble fighting and McKinney would have been killed had he rendered any sort of a decision beforehand. As it was, instead of killing the referee, both sides catered to him in the hope that he would render a verdict for their man the next day.

Subsequent events, however, proved that McKinney was cooked and primed to stand by the Gallagher side and Looney, for the next day, despite Allen's proved superiority, he rendered a decision giving the verdict to Gallagher on the ground that Allen had fouled his opponent. Subsequently Allen became wise again and returned to the Looney camp.

JUST such a battle at the ringside as the Gallagher-Allen took place when Tom Jennings and Bill Blake fought in the '70s.

Blake known as "Dublin Tricks," was famed as a second of prize fighters and had trained McCoole for all his fights. Jennings was now a friend and hanger-on of the Looney-Allen camp.

It was because of this relationship that a battle between Blake and Jennings was arranged. The stake was $100 a side, and Gabriel Island, near St. Louis, was selected as the battleground.

There were many fights on the steamer which carried the principals and their followers, and much bad blood was engendered. At the ringside there was nearly a battle over the referee, and the Blake crowd was sore when Fred Watkins, a Jennings man, was chosen.

Early in the game it was discovered that Jennings was the better man, and Blake, seeing that he was beaten, resorted to every trick and device to discourage his opponent

In the ninth round Blake, in despair, ignored the rules, and, catching his adversary by the right leg, threw him. A cry of foul was raised. Several men with drawn revolvers entered the ring and called on Watkins either to give the fight to Jennings or give up the ghost. Watkins, although friendly to the Jennings side, ordered the

(*Continued on page* 15)

County Mayo Proud of Gene Tunney—Father's Prophecy Fulfilled

By THE EDITOR OF THE WESTERN WORLD OF IRELAND

(Several hundred letters have been received by THE RING *requesting information on the nationality of Gene Tunney. Our answer is "American of Irish parentage." To this, Gene's aunt, a member of a famous Kiltimagh family, takes deep exception. She insists that Gene is a bona-fide Irishman and to prove her case, she has had the Editor of the "Western People" of Ireland send the following story to* THE RING.—*Editor's Note.)*

IF there is a prouder place in the universe today than Kiltimagh, in the heart of County Mayo, I want to hear of it.

In the streets the youngsters compare "reaches" and biceps and call out challengingly "Up Tunney; up Kiltimagh!" The eyes of the grown-ups light with pride when they talk to you of Tunney's battle for the championship of the world and how he won £40,000 as his share of the stake, for though he may speak with the accent of New York, wasn't it with the brawn and the brain and the blood of Kiltimagh he fought his way to supremacy?

The story of how "Gene" Tunney, of whom it was predicted that he would not stand up to Jack Dempsey for five rounds, actually not alone went the full ten rounds with the man who has held the heavyweight boxing championship of the world for seven years, but beat him decisively, and won the world's championship last week in Philadelphia, has been told and read in every quarter of the globe.

Dempsey was favorite—everywhere but in Kiltimagh, of which the hundreds of millionaires and thousands of financiers and fight-fans who filled the high-priced seats around the ring at the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium, Philadelphia, had never heard.

It is of Tunney's parentage and the pride his victory has brought to Mayo, and more especially to Kiltimagh, one of Mayo's most progressive little towns, I propose to write, instead of Gene Tunney, the fighter, I am giving first-hand particulars which must set at rest the question of Tunney's nationality once and for all.

"Gene" Tunney, or to give him his correct name, James Joseph Tunney, was born in New York 28 years ago, but he is a son of Kiltimagh parents.

John Tunney, the grandfather of the new world's champion, was a cottier, or small farmer, who was born and lived for the greater part of his life at Killeaden, about a mile from Kiltimagh, on the road to Bohola. He married Bridget Gill, also of Killeaden, and the daughter of another small farmer. In the bad times John Tunney and his wife were evicted from their little homestead and came to live in Kiltimagh town, in a house in or near where the present Post Office stands.

Old John Tunney died in Kiltimagh about 60 years ago, in a house which then stood on the site at present occupied by the cottage hospital—now used as a Civic Guard station.

He left three sons and three daughters—Brian, the oldest; John and Michael, Mary, Anne, and Winifred. His widow re-married later Patrick McNicholas, of Gouldboy, Kiltimagh, and died about 40 years ago.

All Come to U. S.

AS so often happens in Mayo, America claimed the whole Tunney family, all six members going there close on fifty years ago.

"I went to school with John Tunney, the father of 'Gene,' the world champion," Mr. James Mooney, P.C., now 74 years of age, told me. "I remember well when he left for America. He was a little younger than I, and was a laborer when he went away at the age of 18 or 20 years. His father, also John Tunney, died here in Kiltimagh some time before perhaps ten years. His mother was one of the Gills of Killeaden, and there are many of the Gills still in the town and in the Killeaden district."

To America also went about 35 years ago, Mary Lydon, of Gortgoriff, about a mile from Kiltimagh. Shortly after her arrival in America she met and married John Tunney and became the mother of today's world champion. Mary Lydon—Mrs. Tunney—is still living outside New York City. Her uncle is Mr. Tom Lydon, of Kilkelly, who is over 80 years of age.

There are now no near relatives of "Gene" Tunney on his father's side living in Kiltimagh with the exception of Mrs. Thomas Brennan, an ex-national teacher, who lives in the centre of the town, and who is a first cousin of his father. Her husband, who returned from Chicago five years ago, is also a relative of the Tunney family, as is, too, James Tunney of Treenabontry, about two miles from Kiltimagh, who is the only member of the family of the name now in the district.

Relatives Still Abroad

BUT there are numerous relatives of the champion's mother living in the town and district. Three aunts—sisters of "Gene's" mother—are Mrs. Nicholas Walsh, of Gortgariff, an elder sister; Mrs. Pat Gallagher, a younger sister, of Kiltimagh, and Mrs. Michael (William) McDonagh, of Cortoonbawn about two miles from the town.

I had the pleasure recently, of a long chat with Mrs. Gallagher. She lives with her husband and three children in a neat little cottage standing on an elevation, just opposite the Cottage Hospital. In the kitchen sat a neatly dressed, pretty, bright-looking girl of 12 years.

"This," said my guide, a son of Mr. Mooney's mentioned above, "is a first cousin of Gene Tunney's."

The little one smiled broadly and shyly and said there was no one at home but herself, her parents and the other members of the family being engaged on the bog to the back of the house. On learning that a representative of the "Western People" was looking for information she assured me that she could fetch her parents in a few minutes, and left.

His Aunt's Pride

FIVE minutes later the family came to the house, not grudging the time lost from work on a fine September evening when they were to talk—as they did with a natural pride—of "Gene" or "Jane," as they called him.

I have seen few finer types of Irish womanhood than Mrs. Gallagher. Standing about 5 ft. 9 ins. in height, straight as a rifle-barrel, with fine cut features, grey hair, and of a neatness one does not often find in a small farmer's wife, she looked a worthy relative of a world's champion.

"Yes," she told me proudly, "Kiltimagh has become rather a famous place for producing champions. Gene's mother is my sister, Mary. We were all born at Gortgariff, where my sister, Mrs. Walsh, lives, just beyond the town, on the other side.

"It would be about 35 years ago Mary went to America. She married John Tunney in America. Her husband—Gene's father—died three or four years ago.

"'Gene' is not his name, of course, and I'll tell you how he came to be called that. It's what the family always call him.

"His name is James Joseph Tunney, and when the family were all children it was a younger brother that chrisened him 'Gene.' The little fellow used to try to say 'James,' but couldn't manage it. 'Jane' was the nearest he could get to it, and the others called him that for a pet name, and 'Jane' he has been since to all of them, though in the American way, I suppose, they spell it like a foreign name —'Gene.'

"Gene is not the eldest of the family. He was 28 last May, but there are two girls older. One sister a nun, and Rosella, a second sister.

A Shipping Clerk

"GENE became a shipping clerk first, and in the evening he was still going to school. Then he went to College to become a priest. He was in college when America came into the war, and my sister—his mother—writing to us, told us that when 'Gene,' who was Irish through and through, heard of the Irishmen's part in the war, and the way they were fighting for freedom, he volunteered for service with the American army, and came over to France.

"I don't know how 'Gene' first took to boxing, but, of course, we knew he was big in the boxing way in America for the last six or seven years. I see he made a lot of money over this fight with Dempsey."

"Yes," put in her husband reminiscently. "Her sister, you know, Mrs. Michael McDonagh, who lives over there at Cortoonbawn, has four sons in America, cousins of 'Gene's'—William, Tom, John, and James. Willie and Tom are in the New York police. Tom was home last summer, and advised me to back 'Gene' when he fought—to put the last pound I had on him, as he was bound to win, but I didn't do that of course.

Father, a Hardy Man

"HIS father, John Tunney, was a good, hardy man, and could stand up for himself, and 'Gene' has a brother a much bigger man than himself—6 ft. 4 ins.—but he doesn't go in for boxing—not as a professional anyhow, though they wanted him to.

"When Dempsey won the championship of the world about seven years ago, John Tunney, 'Gene's' father, was alive and strong, and said there were two 'J. J.'s' champions before—Corbett and Jeffries, you know —and he hoped his son, 'J. J.'—that's 'Gene,' would be the next champion. And wasn't he right, though he did not live to see it?

"Of course we're proud of 'Gene,' and we were expecting himself and his mother to come home to see us next year. Maybe he won't now, when he's such a big fellow, fighting before millionaires and with the world going wild about him. Still he might, and we hope he will.

"An honour to Kiltimagh? Well, of course it is—and an honour to Mayo, too, because though 'Gene' was born in America, he's pure Irish and pure Mayo, and what else would he be with all belonging to him born and reared here?"

"Some of the daily papers say," put in Mrs. Gallagher, 'Gene's' aunt, with a note of indignation, "that Gene is of Irish-American descent. Contradict that, will you, and say he is not but Irish to the backbone—the son of a Kiltimagh father and mother. We'll send him the WESTERN PEOPLE to let him see Kitlimagh and Mayo are proud of him, and he'll agree with us that even if he was born in America he is a Mayo man—from Kiltimagh—just the same as if his father and mother had never left here, though if they had stayed here he might never be the champion of the world, as he wouldn't get the chance."

AND Kiltimagh's pride in the champion is no less great than that of "Gene's" relatives.

"Over here," Mr. Sean T. Ruane, Co. Councillor and Chairman of the Connacht Council G. A. A., told me, "they swore all along Tunney would win, and of course, as Kiltimagh men —and Mayo men—we're delighted that the old country has got the chance of proving what it can produce in competition with the whole wide world."

And that's the general view in Kiltimagh, even among people who do not know the difference between a boxing glove and a football. They showed their pride and exultation on Friday night when the result of the fight became known, in the form of bonfires in the streets and illuminations in the houses.

There must be a something about Kiltimagh and district, too. Bohola, three miles away, produced Martin Sheridan, who in his all-too-short life was the world's champion athlete. Kelly and Flanagan, of Kiltimagh, won fame as the champion handball players of the world, and Sean Lavan, of Kiltimagh, in our own day, has no rival in the athletic arena in Ireland. Mayhap he, too, will yet annex world honours.

Kiltmagh certainly has reason to feel proud of Gene Tunney.

Old Timers Excelled as Body Punchers (*Cont'd from page* 10)

was over. Joe was a wonderful body fighter, and it was this particular style that won him all his hard battles.

Clever George Dixon had a corking left-handed body blow which he delivered with a sidestep to the right. He worked at it to perfection and beat many a fellow with his skillful attention to body punching. Dixon was a remarkable boxer, and knew all the tricks of the trade. Tom O'Rourke thinks Dixon has no peer in American ring history.

Jeffries' Heavy Punch

MOST of us can remember how big Jim Jeffries, when he was the king of fighters, before he retired the first time, could bang an opponent into helplessness by one drive into the stomach. It was one of those killing wallops that stopped Gus Ruhlin in five rounds at 'Frisco. Afterwards Ruhlin often declared the blow was the hardest he ever received in his long ring career.

When "Jeff" fought "Tom" Sharkey at Coney Island and got the decision after 25 gruelling rounds, it was the body work of the champion in the last few rounds that put the husky sailor out of commission. For over 20 sessions "Jeff" pounded and punched away at Sharkey's head and jaws without slowing up a bit. It was only when the gigantic boilermaker began to hammer the Sailor's ribs, until he broke a couple of them, that gallant Tom showed signs of distress in the last three rounds. At that there were many ringsiders who figured that the worst Sharkey should have gotten from Referee Siler was a draw. He was the more aggressive fighter and did most of the leading in the first twenty rounds and that, they figured, should have helped him to at least a draw.

What a difference a few years have made! What would the dyed-in-the-wool fan give to have those great battles repeated!

The days of the Body Punchers are gone, probably never again to return!

Morrissey Preceded Tunney as Pride of New York's Greenwich Village

By GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD

"I HAVE come to correct a misstatement of fact," quizzically smiled the Old Sport as he wandered into the sporting sanctum sanctorum and appropriated the only chair with a cushion.

"What's wrong now?" we queried.

"Why, your saying that Gene Tunney is the first champion the Greenwich Village section of New York City has boasted 'since John Morrissey's time,'" he replied. "Tunney is the first champion Greenwich Village ever had. John Morrissey didn't hail from the Village."

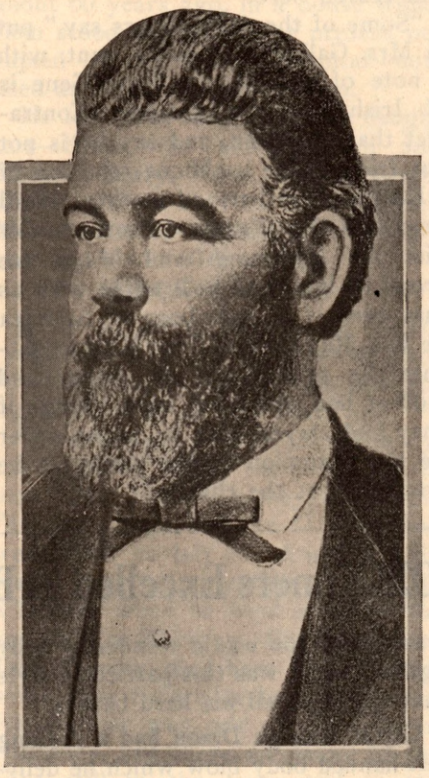
"He didn't, eh?" we countered. "Didn't he fight many of his early fights there? Didn't he head the gang that gathered in old St. Patrick's Cathedral to repel Bill Poole's gang of 'Know Nothings' who had threatened to come over and tear down the structure? Didn't he flatten Poole in a fight on the old Amos street, now West Tenth street, dock, and then dive into the river to save his life from Poole's ruffians? Didn't Morrissey run a saloon in the Village? Didn't he get his sobriquet of 'Old Smoke' from the fact that when Paddy McCann in a fight in his saloon wrestled Morrissey on top of a red hot stove—Morrissey, with his clothes sizzling and his skin, seared, refused to quit, but shook McCann off and knocked him cold? And didn't Morrissey enter politics from Greenwich Village, and didn't he go from the Village to Congress at Washington?"

Backed by Vanderbilt

"YES, yes, I know all about that," interpolated the Old Sport, "and I know how Morrissey ran a string of gambling houses here and in Saratoga and how in many of his business ventures he was backed by Commodore Vanderbilt. I know what a wonderful character Old John really was, the product of his times and his environment. But what I'm getting at is that Morrissey wasn't a native of the Village, as Gene Tunney is. Tunney is Greenwich Village born and bred.

"Where did Morrissey come from?" we queried to keep up the conversation.

"Well, Troy has a better claim than any other American town," replied the Old Sport, "for Morrissey was raised there. He came over from Ireland when a mere boy. He was born in Tipperary, that part where Tipperary and Limerick come together on the Shannon. It was in the foxtail grass



John Morrissey

of old Limerick, where the Derby winners Ard Patrick and Galtee Moore were foaled. And from the banks of the Shannon came that great group of Irish weight throwers which never let the world's championship get out of their hands—Davin, Mitchell, Flanagan McGrath, Ryan and McDonald. Morrissey first saw the light of day in a section known for its champions, man and beast.

Went to Troy Foundry

"MORRISSEY was only a slip of a lad when he came to this country. He grew up in Troy. He worked in a paper mill and iron foundry there. One of his shop mates was the famous John C. Heenan, who later went to California and worked in the shipyards at Benecia. He was known as the Benecia Boy, and he grew up in Troy the same as Morrissey and Paddy Ryan. It was from Ryan, the Trojan Giant, that John L. Sullivan won the championship.

"Few persons ever led a more adventurous life than John Morrissey. Succumbing to the gold fever in 1850, he took part in the gold rush that year. With a fellow named Cunningham he stowed away on a boat in New York. Three days out a mutiny broke out and Morrissey and Cunningham emerged from their hiding place and helped quell it. The captain then gave them free passage to California.

After a futile search for gold on Queen Charlotte's Island, Morrissey and Cunningham worked their way back to San Francisco, landing there penniless. They found the city much enthused over a fellow named George Thompson, who had beaten all comers and claimed the championship of California. He was challenging every one to meet him for the title and a purse of $1,000.

Beat Thompson for $1,000

"MORRISSEY showed his business acumen by going out and obtaining financial backing and accepting Thompson's challenge. He took Thompson and his thousand dollars in eleven rounds.

"Coming back East, Morrissey challenged Tom Hyer for the championship, and when Hyer dodged the defi Morrissey claimed the title. He clinched his claim to it by whipping Yankee Sullivan in their famous thirty-seven round fight at Boston Four Corners.

"Morrissey had something of that 'will to win' accredited now to Gene Tunney. In the twenty-sixth round Sullivan after a rally in which he hammered Morrissey all over the ring exclaimed:—" 'You upstart, who's champion now?'

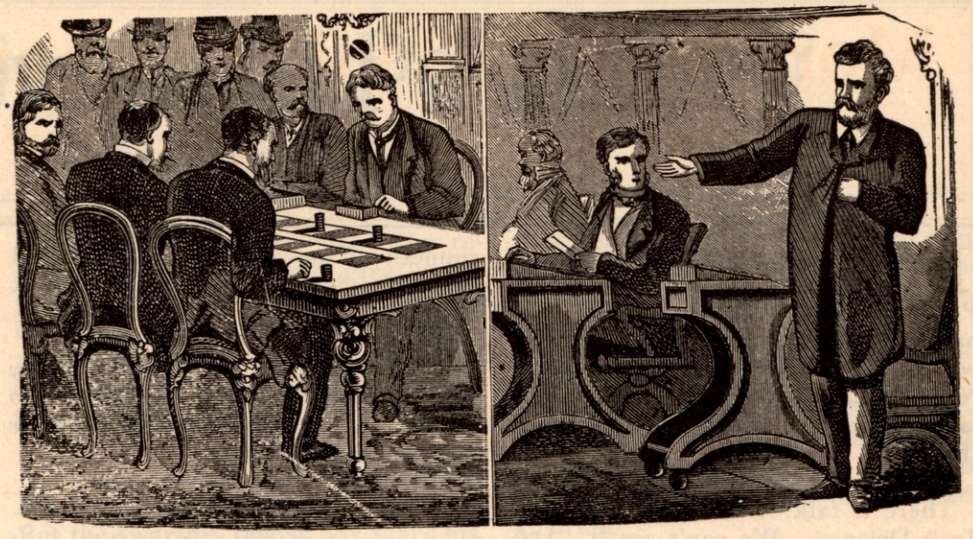
" 'That remains to be seen,' calmly replied Morrissey.

Retired After Heenan Fight

"THE bit of byplay lowered Sullivan's morale. His fighting spirit sank, despite it he continued to

fight gamely. But Morrissey wouldn't be denied and won in the thirty-seventh round.

"After whipping John C. Heenan in Canada, Morrissey announced his retirement from the ring. He made good his word. He never fought again. For years he had made his home in Greenwich Village. His gambling houses in New York and Saratoga were profitable, and at one time he was supposed to be worth a million dollars. He lost most of it through unfortunate speculation. Commodore Vanderbilt was his firm friend and came to his aid. Morrissey entered politics and eventually was elected to Congress. He died at Saratoga, May 1, 1878."



Above, on the left, John Morrissey playing faro for high stakes, and on right, Morrissey delivering an address in the House of Representatives.

Below—Morrissey and his gang cleaning up Bill Poole's "Know Nothings" in a desperate battle. (These illustrations are taken from "The Life of John Morrissey.")

IN THE DAYS WHEN GUNMEN RULED THE REFEREE

(*Continued from page* 11)

men to fight on, knowing in his heart, perhaps, that Jennings was sure to come out on top.

That the referee was right in his contention, was proved in the twelfth round, when Blake refused to toe the scratch and Jennings was declared the winner.

THIS was the first prize fight ever reported for a St. Louis newspaper, and I had the task of reporting it. Previous to that time the newspapers had looked on prize fighting as criminal, and not in the sporting line, and gave it no mention except as a piece of criminal news, and without mentioning who had won or lost.

What a difference, I thought, while listening in to the Battle of the Sesqui, between the ruffians who ruled the sport when I started my newspaper career and the gentlemen who supervise the boxing game today!

Gunmen, cut throats, highwayman of the worst type predominated sixty years ago, and while there was plenty of good adventure to enliven the reportorial end of the sport in my time, the attending risks made it anything but a comfortable assignment.

Those were the day! Columns upon columns can be written about them with the assurance that the interest of the reader could be held to the very end.

BECAUSE of my illness, I was unable to witness the Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney heavyweight championship battle at Philadelphia, but I enjoyed every minute of it listening in over the radio in my home in Chicago.

This was the first important fight I missed in my forty years or more of reportorial work on fistic events and it grieved me to be absent.

While Tunney was defeating what remained of the once invincible Dempsey, many thoughts crept into my mind on some of the great fights I had seen.

COFFROTH'S ALL-TIME TEAMS

(*Continued from page* 9)

War Charities. This was during the world war. I had Dempsey, Leonard and many other champions show for me. Boxing certainly did its bit. Money galore was taken in at the various fights for the good cause.

I go to fights now and then. I came all the way from Tia Juana to see the Dempsey-Tunney bout. I have had great success with my race track at the Mexican border. I anticipate another record breaking year. Boxing is the nearest and dearest sport to my heart.

FROM CALCUTTA, INDIA

"Several articles have appeared from time to time regarding who were the best boxers in the various divisions. I think it is splendid with photographs of boxers talked about.

"May I suggest that you devote a page or two to photos of champions of the past, viz.: Kilrain, Peter Jackson, Chas. Mitchell, Kid McCoy, Joe Goddard, John L. Sullivan, Corbett, Jem Smth, Robert Fitzsimmons."

BELMONT A. ROWE,
Taltallah, Calcutta, India.

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THEY say that when Jack Dempsey returns to the wars Harry Persson, the Swede who claims the heavyweight championship of Europe, will be his opponent in the Garden in New York. A good match and a valiant attraction. Let's hope it comes through.

There is talk of Dempsey's fighting Jack Delaney. We can't see it. Delaney is clever but Dempsey very likely would prove too strong and too big for the light heavyweight title holder.

Still, this isn't very funny and isn't getting us into a lighter vein. There is much humor in the ring these days but it all passes for serious stuff.

Tunney Gets the "Razz"

THE fans in Mr. Rickard's Garden in New York gave Gene Tunney wreaths and wreaths of wild razzberries the night he stepped into the ring with Jack Dempsey to get the Boxing Writers' belts. Dempsey was overwhelmed, Tunney was flustered and wanted to jump out of the ring.

It was poor sportsmanship on the part of the hooters. But Tunney should take it to heart and decide that he who lives by the ring must live in the ring. By that we mean that Shakespeare never was the heavyweight champion of England.

Nor was Jem Mace ever the poet laureate of Great Britain.

Nix on the High Hat!

WE don't want a man with higher sensibilities to make a "mug" out of himself, but the boxing public will not stand for being high hatted. A champion may dine at the Century Club but he should keep it dark and give the boys the impression that he thinks Jimmy Kelly's is the Ritz.

Still we don't seem to be veering into the lighter vein. There is so much about which to philosophize in boxing these days that the quipster runneth off on a mental tangent and giveth advice to those who want it not.

Still the serious side obtrudes. Harry Greb is dead. A true champion who fought any and everybody and gave the best he had at all times.

It's Not True

SOMEBODY says that the good fighters, like the good Indians, are dead. But there still are some good Indians.

What has become of the old fashioned boxer who did not own a dinner jacket and who thought a finger bowl was for lemonade?

Greb fought for five years with only one eye. Suppose that boy had had two eyes!

Many Are One-Eyed

THERE are quite a few one-eyed fighters before the public now. We don't want to expose them just so long as the Boxing Commissions will stand for them. Among the one-eyed is a famous boxer.

There are also a lot of one-armed fighters in the ring, though they seem to have two arms when they go into the square.

Still serious. Isn't it about time Boxing Commissions barred all but the absolutely fit from competition?

Cut Down the Cuckoos

THE Boxing Commissioners shouldn't be so much concerned about making matches for promoters, and more concerned about cutting down the crop of cuckoos.

An interesting question would be answered if Jack Sharkey could be induced to get into the ring again with Jimmy Maloney. But Jack isn't crazy. Jimmy once knocked Jack down seven times in one round only to lose on a foul.

Monte Munn lacks aggressiveness. He hurts when he hits but he cannot rouse himself to a fury which would make him a real fighter. Just now Monte looks too much like Fred Fulton, though we don't accuse Munn of being a contender for the diving laurels which Fred won. Munn will have to show a lot more than he did in that farce with Carl Carter to get us steamed up about him.

Should Acquire Scowl

MUNN sneers too much. He should trade the sneer for a scowl and forget that he is a legislator.

"No wedding bells for me while I am champion," says Gene Tunney. Gene is one smart fellow. He realizes that the minute an hombre gets married he loses all his titles.

These are the days when boxers marvel at the college football players. Many a rah rah takes a beating for nothing which a boxer couldn't stand for $50,000.

Jeff Disliked Scrimmage

THERE were a few fighters who tried football, but they couldn't go it. Jim Jeffries was a tough bird in the ring but they made him quit football.

Ring courage, football courage, military courage—three different qualities.

Well, still on the serious. Now for a quip. What has become of the old-fashioned fighter who did road work, bore a cauliflower ear as an essential mark of his trade, and wore a red flannel shirt as a badge of militancy?

Sayings of the Famous

"I NOW regard myself as a fixed star in the firmament. I must put up with a certain amount of public adulation." Wrong again! Not the Queen of Rumania but Gene Tunney.

Some wise birds say that Dempsey never will fight again. Other wise birds say that Dempsey will return to the ring against Persson in New York. Take your pick.

What's So-and-So Doing Now?

BY JACK KOFOED

FIGHTERS write their histories in the sand, and the relentless ocean of time comes in to make the scroll a blank. It is just a bit tragic that the result of their efforts and struggles should be so transient. They are not forgotten altogether, really, even though they have vanished from the sporting pages. Names famous in the past are mentioned a million times in the conversations of fans.

One evening last winter I visited a famous cabaret in New York, a joy-palace famous in the Thundering Forties. The brass buttoned, uniformed man who opened the door of my cab was thick set and burly, with a slightly flattened nose and a thickened ear. Though rather well disguised in that make-up I recognized him as Sailor Grande, a heavyweight of a decade or more ago.

I recalled some desperate fights I'd seen this mild voiced doorman in, and it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps that those who had crowded the ringside at a thousand bouts might be interested in knowing what became of their heroes when they laid aside the gloves for good and all.

In many cases the record is not a happy one, though it is brightened in spots. Leach Cross and Bud Anderson perhaps are as clear an index of the catalogue as may be found.

Everyone who isn't new to the boxing game has heard of Leach Cross. It was just twenty years ago that this slim little East Side Hebrew began fighting for money to earn his way through dental college. The game itself was not an end, but a means to him. He earned large sums, invested wisely, and added to the earnings of his tooth-mending parlours. Now, he is wealthy, an extensive owner of real-estate in California. He was one of those who made the game pay. Quite frequently he takes his family to Europe, and there are few luxuries that Leach Cross can't buy for them.

When he had been fighting seven or years a knockout sensation sprang up in the West, a blond, tigerish puncher named Bud Anderson. Bud smashed his way through all opposition on the Pacific Coast, and Cross was imported to fight him. The result of the battle is not greatly important in itself. Leach stopped Bud in twelve rounds, and again in seven, practically ruining his career. The moral isn't to be drawn from the victory or the defeat.

AT that time both were great drawing cards, and were well paid. But the swarthy, Jewish boy saved his. He didn't try to earn a reputation as a "good fellow"—which is something of a mixture of a bad fellow and a fool—by drinking and extravagance. Looking into the future, he saw clearly that a ring-career, at best, is a short one, and the wise man made ready for another business.

Anderson didn't think of these things. When he quit he had nothing. Now, he owns a little truck-farm in the Northwest, working hard, getting little. Cross, his opponent, could buy and sell a thousand times. The youth of each has gone, but Leach rides by in his expensive car, and Bud trudges in the dust.

Unfortunately, there are more ex-fighters in Bud Anderson's condition than in Leach Cross'. Perhaps it is only natural. When they started they were raw youngsters from the country districts, or gutter-bred kids of the city. None had known luxuries; most were lucky if they got the bare necessities. So, what could you expect when they began receiving large sums for their efforts. It was frittered away without thought of what the morrow might bring.

KNOCKOUT BROWN, a blond, cross-eyed little Dutchman, with a punch like the hammer of Thor, became a reigning sensation fifteen years ago. Thirty years in the distant past the Irish heavyweight, Peter Maher, had the most terrific single wallop in the game. Neither has anything left to make the coming years more kind. Maher, crippled with rheumatism, is a watchman on the New York docks. Brown is a laborer.

Young Griffo, the cleverest boxer that ever lived, often boasted that he could be carried blind drunk to a Turkish bath an hour before a fight, and then go into the ring, and make his opponent look foolish. Unable to read or write, the Australian was prey for the unscrupulous, and he never had a chance to save any of the money he made.

He lives in a shabby little room on the Bowery now; a grey, paunchy old fellow, who exists on the bounty of those who remember his valiant deeds at arms.

Even some of the great fighters who died at a comparatively early age left little behind them.

When Joe Gans and Battling Nelson fought their bloody battle at Goldfield in 1906 Nelson insisted that his rival weigh 133 pounds in trunkc and shoes. It was suicidal for the Old Master to make that poundage, but he did it. Not many years later he died of tuberculosis, and the seeds of that disease were born by his torturing efforts to keep to an unnatural weight. Joe was a great gambler, and would stake his Baltimore hotel or anything else he possessed on a single roll of the dice.

The original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, was carried off by the same disease. When he signed to fight Bob Fitzsimmons he was dying on his feet, but wanted to leave something for his wife and children. That purse was all he had to give them.

Terry McGovern, Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam McVey, Al Kubiak left no estates worth speaking of. Neither did John L. Sullivan, who earned more than two million dollars in his day.

THERE is a brighter side to the picture than this. Benny Leonard quit the game a wealthy young man, to take up a carer on the stage that nets him more than $1000 a week. Jim Corbett is also a successful actor, with a fine home in Great Neck, Long Island, and no worries as to what will become of him when he gets too old to work.

Johnny Kilbane, one of the greatest of featherweight champions, was always a cautious business man. He kept his title a long time, and when he realized that he was through as a top-notcher, he took $40,000 for fighting Eugene Criqui, knowing that he was in for a beating, but accepting it at

the price. Kilbane is one of Cleveland's best known business men now.

Lew Tendler, who gave Benny Leonard two great battles before the biggest audiences that ever saw lightweights in action, owns a lot of Philadelphia real estate, principally apartment houses. He also owns a dressmaking establishment. Packey McFarland, probably the greatest fighter who never won a title, earned a small fortune in the saloon business before prohibition. Terry Mustain, a light heavyweight of some consequence in his time, owned a chain of saloons along the West Coast, and is reputed to be a millionaire now.

Quite a few have stuck to their trade, even though no longer able to deal in lusty thumps. Patsy Haley, who fought George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Abe Attell and other champions, is recognized as one of the best referees in New York. Gunboat Smith, a bank guard during the day, officiates as third man in the ring quite frequently. Jack Dempsey has said more than once that the hardest punch he ever took was the occipital wallop dealt out by the Gunner. Kid McPartland, a really great lightweight of three decades back, and Jack Dorman, a star at the same poundage, are also New York referees. McPartland also is employed in New York by a big concern.

FREDDY WELSH, who won the lightweight title from Willie Ritchie, ran a health farm at Summit, N. J., for a number of years, and also manages several fighters. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, whose deeds among the big men will be remembered while the fistic game endures, has a big gymnasium. So has Artie McGovern, who is credited with getting Babe Ruth back into condition.

Ritchie, whom Welsh defeated, piled up quite a respectable sum in business on the West Coast, but reverses came, and with them a nervous breakdown. His future at the moment is rather uncertain. Willie tried a comeback in the four-round game, but was not very successful.

Pete Herman and Kid Murphy, former bantamweight champions, went blind from their ringwork. Murphy runs a hotel in Trenton, N. J., and has made something of a success, despite his handicap. His son has entered the ring, undeterred by his father's fate, and has been doing very well. Herman owns a cabaret in New Orleans. Though they are shut off from the seeing world by their infirmities they have enough of the world's goods to keep them in comfort.

Poor Sam Langford hasn't even that. When his sight had almost failed he refused to quit. He couldn't really, for this task of giving and taking lusty thumps was the only one he knew. Finally his eyes became so bad that he could hardly pick his way across the street, and then this squat, powerful black man—one of the greatest fighters the game has ever known—became a poverty-ridden, almost helpless object of pity. To-day he is teaching boxing in a Chicago gymnasium.

UP AT NINE!
By HAROLD C. BURR

WHAT if you're bloody, discouraged and sore
Up at the count of nine!
Back on your feet and yelling for more
Up at the count of nine!
Show 'em your nerve's in the right place
Taking a knockdown isn't disgrace
Only don't sprawl there flat on your face
Get up at the count of nine!

WIPE that grin of his off with your glove
Up at the count of nine!
If you can't swing your arm, give it a shove
Up at the count of nine!
Fall in a clinch and wait for the bell
It's what the crowd likes. Say, hear 'em yell!
They didn't do that just now when you fell
Up, up at the count of nine!

COME back hard when they say you're gone
Up at the count of nine!
Slug toe-to-toe with your Hope Forlorn
Up at the count of nine!
You'll find it will win you many a bout
Hark, to the old Salvation shout,
"A man may be down but he's never out!"
So up at the count of nine!

THERE was a boxer, not so well known, "Birdlegs" Collins, they called him, who had fought Young Corbett in the prime of his youth. Collins lost his sight, and, in his extremity, turned to Corbett for help.

That once slashing champion, that game, battering soldier of the ring, who had twice knocked out Terry McGovern, had no money left. He flung his earnings to the winds, and when he reached his forties—the age when most men have the peak of their success in sight—had no future, but only a past. Yet Corbett gave what he could not afford to give.

He took care of Birdlegs Collins, piloted him about the streets of Denver; gave him food and lodgings. If Young Corbett had shown himself to be a foolish spender he also proved that he had a heart of gold.

There are more than a few battlers —"the iron men"—who were physically or mentally ruined by the trouncings they took. Ad Wolgast, a champion at twenty, is a mental wreck on a ranch in California. He labors under a delusion that he is to fight Joe Gans—poor Joe, who has been under the sod these many years—and he trains valiantly for the phantom contest.

Battling Nelson recently recovered a large sum from the estate of his father, and is comfortably fixed, but he isn't the man he once was. Jimmy Hanlon, the Denver cave-man, developed incipient paralysis, and Joe Grim, after a long period in an asylum, is now a tottering wreck.

So is the Kentucky Rosebud, that great little bantamweight, who fought the best men of his class in his day and generation. Rosebud became a wanderer on the face of the earth. He knew Paris and Berlin and Budapest as he knew New York. Only recently he was arrested in London as a vagrant and a dope addict, and begged that he be sent back to his native Kentucky to die.

AS everyone knows, Jim Jeffries has turned from a rancher and part-time evangelist to the stage. He is in vaudeville with Tom Sharkey, the burly sailor. There have been few er-fighters who turned to gambling as a means of livelihood, but one of them, Johnny Van Heest, a crack lightweight in the early days of the Old Master, dealt faro for years in the most prominent gambling establishments of the Southwest.

Though many of these warriors of the ring have been enemies to themselves, there are few in the records who became enemies to society. The most prominent was Yankee Sullivan, a blackguard, who was American

heavyweight champion seventy years ago. Sullivan was a cruel and foul fighter, and he was eventually hung by a Vigilance Committee in California during the gold-rush of '49. Of the later crop Kid McCoy is the outstanding example, and the Kid is serving a prison-sentence for manslaughter.

Stanley Ketchel, greatest of middleweight champions, was the victim of a criminal when he was shot down in the very prime of his great career. Had he lived he might have set an absolutely untouchable record in his division.

One of Ketchel's strongest rivals was Jack Twin Sullivan, the baldheaded Boston star. While the Michigan Assassin has been under the grass for a decade and a half, Jack with his brother, Mike, a great welterweight, have established a profitable trucking business in Boston.

Years ago I remember a vaudeville actress named Annie Abbott, who defied the strongest man to lift her from the floor. The act never became a sensational success, but it was adopted by Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight champion, who startled the European capitols, and made a lot of money with it.

At the present time Humbert Fugazy is known as one of the best promoters in the game, and a man of wealth. Years ago he fought as a lightweight under the name of Jack Lee. Jack Root, a light heavyweight, struck oil, and approached millionairedom, but did not forget the sport of his youth. He erected a huge boxing stadium in California, and has handled some important bouts there.

In sad contrast is Kid Beebe, who engaged in probably more fights than any other man in fistic history. The Kid peddles peanuts at Philadelphia fight clubs. So does Elwood McCloskey, the "Old War Horse," who went blind from injuries received in the ring. Joe Bernstein, pride of the Ghetto, acts as a referee in these placid times, and Tommy O'Toole, the cleverest featherweight of his time in the East, sits in the judge's chair in Philadelphia bouts.

MARTY McCUE is one of the few boxers who successfully turned to politics as a vocation. Marty served as an Assemblyman in New York state, and is still a power in his district, though he no longer sits among the solons at Albany.

I could go on indefinitely were space available. Some fighters made good; others sank in the quicksand their fistic success had built. Yet, a cross-section of a group of pugilists would show, probably, about the same proportion of success and failure as a similar number of workers in other fields.

The young man who had won fame in the ring faces a more difficult problem than his mates who never were in the limelight. He has been a public figure at an age when others were in school, or just starting their work. He was given a false sense of values in money and reputation. So, when he had to leave the ring behind he must, perforce, start where the others did years before.

It takes common-sense and a level head to get going in the proper way. That so many did is a credit to the game. And, don't judge too harshly those who failed.

The Human Windmill

—By ED. HUGHES

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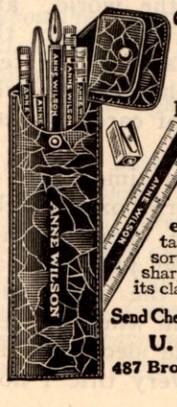

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"Titles Are Won and Lost in the Ring; Why I Am Still World Feather-weight Champion"

As Told by JOHNNY DUNDEE to FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

DURING my seventeen years of ring battles I have never made a single public protest, regardless of conditions that may have warranted my running to print. I have had decisions rendered that were not to my liking, but in return I have had some awards come my way that might have been more displeasing to the other fellow.

I always reason that the law of equalization balances up the good with the bad. Then, again, the public cares little for post-mortems, and that is what wrangling over adverse rulings really amounts to, the word of the referee being final. This makes the subject under discussion a dead issue.

What I am now protesting is of an entirely different nature. It is a very live issue. It has to do with the various Boxing Commissions over this country bestowing on some local favorite my title as featherweight champion of the world. Only too often men making up Boxing Commissions are not too familiar with boxing.

An Irksome Verdict

THE recent action of the Massachusetts solons, who, unabashed, state that the real featherweight champion of the world is either Honeyboy Finnegan, of Boston, or Chick Suggs, another New Englander, irks me. A bout between this pair was staged to a decision in a Boston ring, November 15. The Massachusetts Commission "recognized the winner as the champion of the world," and the promoter of the event gave the victor a belt emblematic of the featherweight championship of the world. It was a nice house of cards, if they all got away with it.

This is not the first time a set of men supposed to govern boxing in the commonwealth where they are appointed, has attempted just such an action, only to have the card house tumble all around them when the real champion of the world elected to defend his title. The very title I now hold was the first one "taken away" from its rightful holder because he refused to box when, whom, where and for the price the New York Commissioners elected he should box. Johnny Kilbane was the holder of the championship at the time, and it was decided he must box in New York on set date for the championship, or be declared null and void.

Kilbane refused to box me, though by all rights he should have done so. I was half owner of the title ever since February 22, 1913 when I boxed Kilbane what referee Charley Eyton, of Los Angeles, thought was a drawn battle of twenty rounds. The consensus of opinion of press and public was that I had won. I never complained, hoping to have Kilbane give me another try at his crown.

Championships Won in Ring

NO one knew better than myself that championships are won in the ring and to have one "bestowed" is an empty honor, so I never set up a claim to Kilbane's title. Instead I asked him to give me the chance that was rightfully mine. Remember I had for ten years been recognized as Kilbane's foremost challenger. Kilbane was ousted. I was installed as champion in 1923. Then the members of the New York Commission asked me to step aside in favor of Eugene Criqui, of France.

I did so without hesitation. I was promised a bout with the winner. I took the long gamble, knowing full well that if Kilbane did win he would not give me a chance. The Boxing Commissioners did protect my rights by making both Kilbane and Criqui post forfeits to meet me. The honorable Criqui won and in sixty days fulfilled his obligation. Thus after waiting over ten years, 1913 to 1923, I came into my ownership of the featherweight crown.

Kilbane, placed a price on the defense of his championship, $100,000. He openly stated he would not box until he received that amount. He kept his word. He lost his title, but had plenty in the way of wealth of the realm to console him. When it came time for me to defend my hard earned and long waited for championship, I was not so avaricious as the gentleman from Cleveland, so cut the price in half.

It Was a Bargain

THE promoters, who must have recognized in me a better box office attraction, thought I was asking too much money. This seemed strange in view of the fact that Benny Leonard had collected $40,000 for a no decision contest with Rocky Kansas and close to $100,000 for another bout where his title was not at stake with Lew Tendler.

While the discussion was on about my price being too steep, I was led into making the worst mis-step of my career. I had piloted myself into the featherweight championship of the world, but men I thought were well wishers, listed as my good friends, steered me into placing myself under the management of a man who never really had my best interests at heart. To add insult to injury he turned in my championship to the Commission for no reason whatsoever.

While on the managerial subject I want to state that I am very happy with my present pilot, Joe Jacobs. He knows his business and what is most important he is my best friend. I wouldn't be without him for all the money in the world. I wish I had had him a few years back when I was at the height of my career. It is not too late now because I am fighting better than ever and Joe will take good care of my affairs. I picked him from a long list of capable managers, and I reiterate I am happy over my choice. Jacobs and I make a great combination.

To get back to the tossing off of my worldly pugilistic belongings.

Can Still Make 126 Pounds

I CAN at all times make the featherweight limit without much effort and can do so today, as was proven in my recent battles with Fred Bre-

tonnel, of France, and Tod Morgan, present champion of the junior lightweights. I weighed 128 pounds for the Frenchman and 126¼ for Morgan. In neither case did I make any effort to reduce myself. I won easily over Bretonnel with one hand, having broken my right arm in the third round, despite the fact that I was outweighed about ten pounds and was further handicapped by height, weight youth and strength. I injured my right arm in the second round of the Morgan bout, the old break splitting open again. Otherwise I would now be sporting the title Morgan retained. **With my two arms O. K. there is no** doubt of my ability to win over Morgan.

With all the talk about firmly establishing my "successor" the boxing moguls must remember that there is no "successor" to the one who is still active in defense of his title. All these pretenders to the featherweight throne have sought matches with me, each through his pet matchmaker, said matchmaker always trying to have me come in at some small bargain price.

Each of these promoters wanted his men to get the chance so that he could fatten up his coffers and the bank roll of his "made" champion through featuring him as the champion with carefully picked opponents. They are all seeking to get my title for their own financial aggrandizement.

When, however, I sought to get a share of the money they appealed to their commission stating that "Dundee won't fight 'so and so' and he is the rightful contender. Declare 'So and So' champion and fire Dundee."

A Fine Muddle

HOW silly the members of the Commissions must feel when they realize what they have stepped into via appeal from the hungry promoter. Take the supposed Boston championship battle. Suggs was recently defeated by Johnny Farr, of Cleveland, and more recently by Andy Martin, of Providence. The latter bout staged in Chicago by a Negro promoter named Fred Irvin, was declared a draw, but the press declared that Martin was entitled to the decision.

Farr is a featherweight, but Martin is able to box at the bantamweight limit. Finnegan was humiliated by an unknown in Philadelphia named Winkler, who knocked Finnegan down and almost out, taking the award easily. It does seem far fetched.

Regardless of the number of "champions" the different Commissions "make," I am still the world champion of featherweights. Under a former manager I was illy advised in taking a false step, but everyone has the

Johnny Dundee, (left), and Joe Jacobs, his manager.

right to see an error, innocently made, and recall such action. There is a demand for me to defend my title in many sections.

Titles are won and lost under competition. The fact that Louis (Kid) Kaplan sought a meeting with me and was ready to allow me to take the champion's share of the purse, proved conclusively that he knew his title was an empty one. My reason for not meeting him was that I would have been forced in New York to have met him as a challenger, thereby fully relinquishing my title. The signing of the articles would have been silent acquiesence to the work of the New York Commissioners in "making" Kaplan champion. This prompted my refusal to sign, though the monetary returns would have been plenty. There is honor as well as dollars in boxing as far as I am concerned.

Let all the boys have their fun, the featherweights, the promoters, the Commissioners, but when it comes time to name the next featherweight champion of the world, he will be the man who defeats me for the title.

RING RHYME

THE IDEAL FIGHTER

By Ray Hoppman

ONE who will first think of the game
And after that, of purse and fame.

One who can batter down his foes
Yet temper mercy with his blows.
One who will bar no race nor clan,
But meet all men as man to man.
One who can lose, and losing, say,
"I met a better man today";
And with no malice in his heart,
Can act the big, unselfish part
And grasp the hand that knocked him down,
With face unblemished by a frown.

ONE who can win, and winning, know
No boastful triumph o'er a foe—
Who harbors in his self a thought
Of pity for the man he fought;
Who thinks of what his joy has cost
In sorrow to the man who lost.
One whose clean living mode will bring
Unstinted credit to the ring.
And one, though of the fighting clan,
Bears well the stamp—a gentleman.
One who will not profane his lips
With jealous words and slanderous gusps,
Nor stoop to smudge the honored name
Of other ringmen in the game.

RING CHAMPIONS

By Robert Hayward

YES! I'm an old-time fighter, but my eyes refuse to shine;
Tho for years I have struggled bravely, to keep the glory that was mine.
And well do I remember, my name ablaze in sport,
The padded ring, fond memories bring,
And thrilling visions, wrought.

'TWAS back in eighty-seven, a comer I was named,
But fate has many changes and the victor's luck was tamed.
The knuckles bare and swollen, no gloves upon the hands,
Just slugged and fought, no science was taught,
In any of the fighting lands.

I'VE seen days of song and of music, and nature's defiance of youth,
From king of them all I descended, to an outcast, poor and uncouth.
Now Father Time is creeping, and I must away with dreams,
For visions pass, in a rushing mass,, along with the "RING CHAMPIONS."

Fight for the Championship of Ireland Results in Everybody Going to Jail

By TIM McGRATH

(World Famous Trainer and Manager of Tom Sharkey)

SHARKEY, because of the fact that he was a fighter and not a boxer, was very hard on his sparring partners. One of my hardest jobs was to get men to come to his training quarters to box with him. I used to get a bunch of them, good and bad, and line them up up like a lot of steers waiting to be killed. Then Tom would come out and ask me: "How many you got?"

"Five or six," I would answer.

When I ceased sending men in he'd ask: "How many's left?"

If there was none left he would consider the "boxing" part of his work finished. Then I would have to go in town and hire more sparring partners.

For the fight with Peter Maher, however, I figured that I ought to get the best help obtainable, men who could really make Tom extend himself and at enormous expense, as they say, I engaged Joe Choynski and Bob Armstrong, the colored heavyweight.

These two clever, hard hitting fellows, gave Tom some wonderful workouts, and the night of the fight with Maher he was fit as a fiddle.

Maher, being an imported Irishman, was considered more Irish than Sharkey; Tom was born in Ireland, all right, but the New Yorkers looked upon him as "one of those native son Irishmen from California," and, as a matter of fact, most the New Yorkers didn't know that Tom was born in Ireland.

Maher was a 3 to 1 favorite in the betting, and every Irishman in New York, I guess, was at the Lenox Club when Maher and Sharkey crawled through the ropes.

One Irishman Against Another

MAHER, when called to the center of the ring to be introduced, threw off his bathrobe and divulged a bright green pair of trunks.

"PETER MAHER!" announced Joe Humphreys, "champion of Ireland, from Dublin!"

The crowd went wild and cheered for five minutes. While the cheering was on I got Humphreys' ear and told him how to introduce Sharkey.

"TOM SHARKEY," he announced when the cheering had subsided, "from Dundalk, Ireland!"

And then, when I yanked off Tom's bathrobe and showed a pair of trunks still brighter green than Maher's, the crowd was stunned. It didn't know what to do.

If it rooted for one Irishman alone it would be taking sides against another Irishman. So, when the crowd collected its wits, it cheered Sharkey as long as it did Maher, and then it settled back to root for both of them.

With the championship of Ireland at stake, Maher and Sharkey were both on pins and needles, and when the gong sounded they flew at each other and met with a crash in the center of the ring.

Sailor Becomes Seasick

I WON'T describe the fight in detail. But just before the end of the first round Maher floored Tom with a terrific right to the jaw. Tom came back to the corner raving mad because he had to wait a minute before he could get back at Peter, and I got my old familiar spray working on him to make him think he was back on the ship on a stormy night.

Tom, to tell the truth, was dazed and "foggy," and as he waited impatiently for the next round he muttered, "I'll lick the three of 'em."

"That's all right, Tom," I said, "go back and pick the one in the middle."

I will skip over a few rounds and go on to the fifth when Tom floored Peter and the tide of battle turned.

That was too much for the ace boys, so in the seventh round, I believe, they jumped in the ring and claimed that Sharkey had struck Maher after the gong sounded.

But Jimmy Caldwell, the referee, refused to allow the claim, and as there was a general mixup in the ring, with all the seconds of the two fighters taking part, Caldwell threw up his arms and called the fight a draw.

This, if anything, made matters worse, and, as a riot was threatened, Inspector McLaughlin and his squad climbed through the ropes and we all wound up in the Harlem jail.

All Are Irish

WE didn't remain in long, though for that grand man, Big Tim Sullivan, came to our rescue and bailed us out.

Next morning we appeared in the police court in Harlem before an Irish judge. I wish I could remember his name.

The first man he called up was Peter Maher. "Peter," asked the judge, "where were you born?"

"In Ireland, Your Honor," replied Peter.

"And you, Buck Cornelius?"

"Ireland."

"John Quinn?"

"Ireland."

"Peter Lowery?"

"Ireland."

"Peter Burns?"

"Ireland."

"Tom Sharkey?"

"Ireland."

"Tim McGrath?"

"Ireland."

"That's enough," said the Judge; "I can't see any case here. Defendants dismissed."

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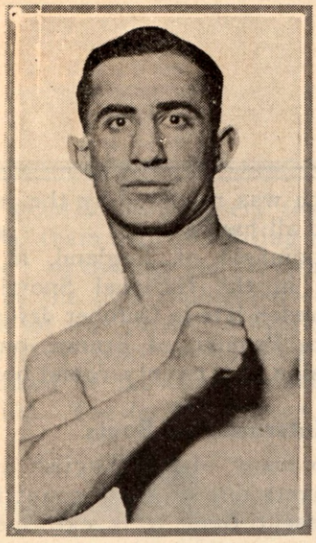
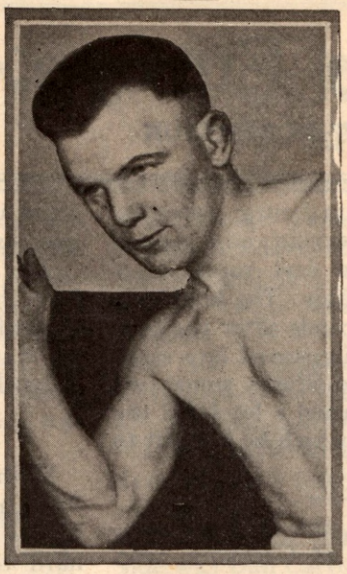
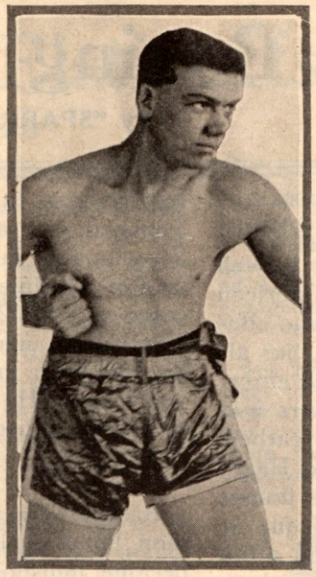


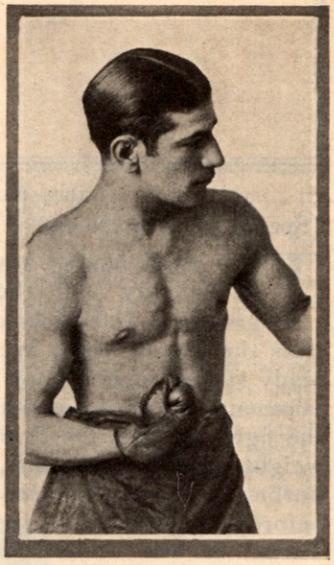
Johnny Green, improving bantamweight from New York, gets better in each start. Has a good future.



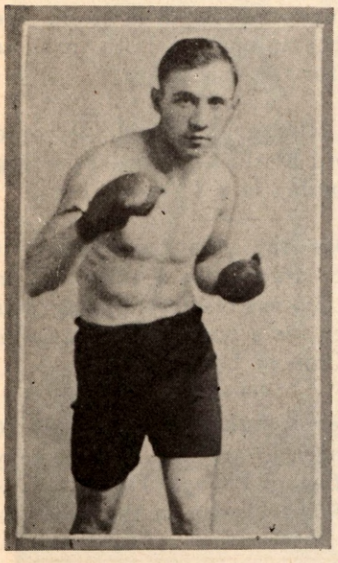
Wee Willie Woods, dynamic little Scotch flyweight, who fights in spectacular fashion.



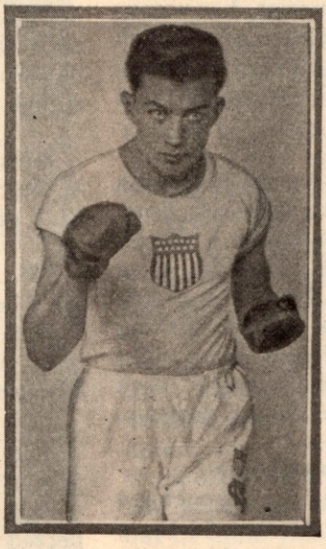
Jimmy Finley, Louisville, Ky., welterweight champion.



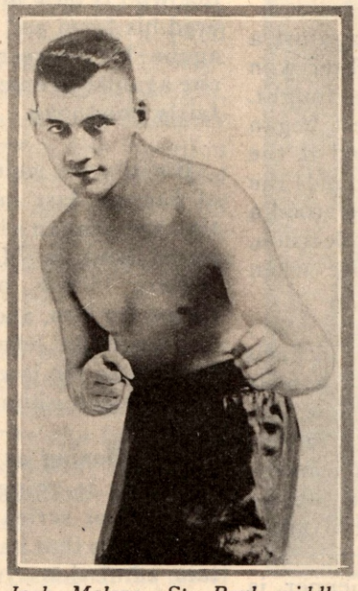
Joe Malone, rugged Bronx featherweight, who staged a great fight Lew Hurley.



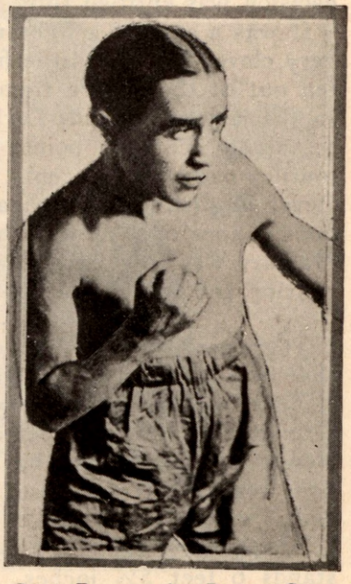
Sammy Cooper, a terrific punching welterweight from New Haven, Conn. A former amateur.



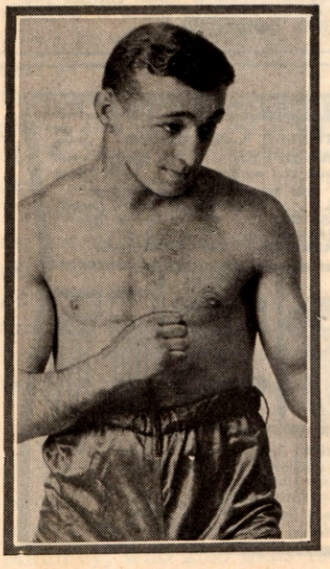
Murray Gitlitz, one of the cleverest of the light-heavies parading in the limelight. He hails from New Haven.



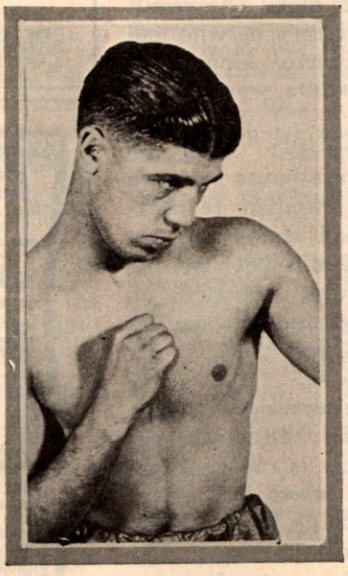
Jock Malone, St. Paul middleweight, fighting in wonderful form on the Pacific Coast.



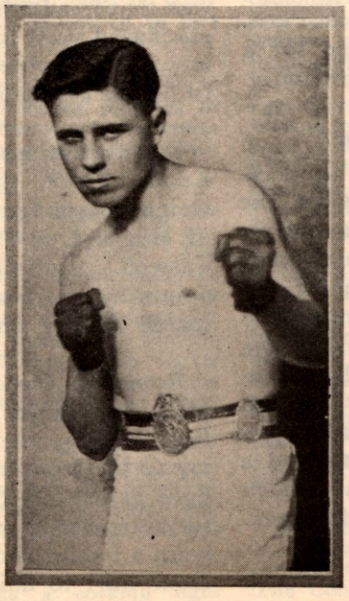
Cary Duane, the Bronx Steam-Roller, who meets Tod Morgan in championship bout.



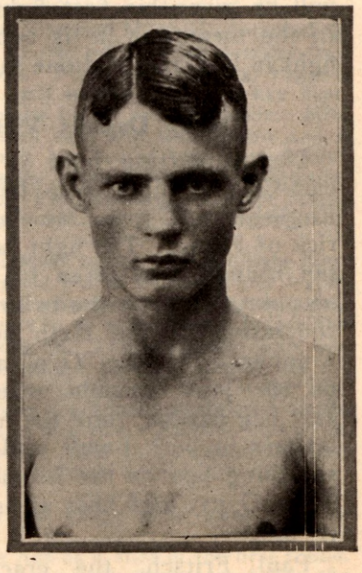
K. O. Phil Kaplan, Gotham's best bet to win the middleweight title from Tiger Flowers.



Harry Goldstein, who regained the flyweight championship of the New England States, by whipping Dark Cloud.



Johnny Hamm, pleasing scrapper from Pittsburgh.



Boots Antley, Georgia's featherweight representative, now making his home in New York City.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

Paris, November 5.

(Special Correspondence of THE RING)

THE Paris boxing season is well under way and the American promoter Jeff Dickson, who controls the two principal arenas, has already staged several very good entertainments. One of his headliners was the fight between the French featherweight champion Mascart, and Harry Corbett of England, which was fought before a big crowd at the Cirque de Paris. It was a twelve round affair and at the conclusion of the fight there was no doubt in the minds of the experts that Mascart, who obtained the decision was entitled to it.

It was a case of a fighter against a very clever boxer and the fighter won ten out of the twelve rounds fought. In the last two rounds Corbett began to rapidly score up points and if the journey had been at twenty rounds the clever English boy would have stood a good chance of obtaining the decision. Mascart was beginning to tire when nearing the end of the fight.

There are several new boxers in Paris that look fairly good, one of whom is a Eskimo-Russian heavy-weight, Al. Genner. He stands 6 feet 3½ inches, weighs 215 pounds and has a tremendous reach. He was raised in Siberia and is a very hardy chap. His father is a man weighing 270 pounds and stands 6 feet 5½ inches. Genner is signed up by promoter Dickson for three fights, and during the latter part of November, or early in December he will be given his first fight in Paris. In the meantime he is booked for a fight in England, and one in Ireland.

Gypsy Daniels Victor

The supporting bout to the Mascart-Corbett fight was between the Englishman, Gypsy Daniels, and Barrick of France. The fight, which went ten rounds, was given to the "Gyp" on points. Just as the bell rang at the conclusion of the sixth session the Frenchman hit the "Gyp" a hard one on the jaw. Daniels, when Barrick said beg pardon, took the head of the latter's in both hands and planted a smacking kiss on the forehead, which is the Gypsy sign that all is forgiven.

Paul Fritsch, the crack French lightweight in Strasbourg recently, knocked out a German boy named Struckmann in the first round of a twelve scheduled affair. The knockout came exactly 32 seconds after the bell. Fritsch is a much improved boy since he was seen in the States some two years ago. He learned a lot from the American fighters, which he has put to good use.

Breittenstraetter, the former champion heavy-weight of Germany, who became indisposed some months ago and was unable to go on with a fight when he was matched with Franz Diener who is now in America, has recovered his form and is fighting very well again. He has recently won two fights, one against Breme, who is considered a fairly good man.

Bosisio, the welter-weight champion of Europe, last month defeated Frattini, the Italian champion in a fifteen round bout in Milan. Frattini, tried rushing tactics, but Bosisio was too clever for him, and he met the rushing with straight lefts, followed by right handers to the jaw. His scientific work easily won for him the judges' decision.

Boxing at Copenhagen

Boxing is going big at Copenhagen In a recent series of bouts held there the crowds that had been unable to obtain admissions rushed the entrances half an hour before the starting of the bouts, and vaulted pell mell into the arena causing a small riot. The result was that hundreds of persons who had purchased seats in advance, along with many of the sport writers, were unable to obtain admission.

The attractions were bouts between Knud Larsen, the Swedish featherweight champion, and Harry Corbett of England, and Harold Nielsen and Caswell. Corbett was defeated on points by the Swede, and Nielsen defeated Caswell on points.

Romerio, the welterweight champion of France, and the Arab, Alf Ross, who by the way is rapidly coming to the front as a boxer, had a hard fight at one of the Salle Wagram entertainments a short time ago. The bout, a twelve rounder, was a hummer from start to finish. The verdict of a draw which was rendered by the judges, suited all hands.

Joe Bloomfield of England, at a bout held in the National Sporting Club of London late in October defeated Maurice Prunier, of France, on a point decision in a twenty round bout.

International Bouts

With so many of the English and French boxers out of their countries at the present time, it is extremely hard to get good matches in either England or France. Promoter Dickson, has matched four French fighters against four German boxers for one of his future entertainments, and the card will undoubtedly draw well. He has the champions of both nations signed up for the bouts.

Mickey Hill, of Scotland, defeated H. Rachford at the National Sporting Club of London in a 15 round bout.

Alf. Ross the Arab welterweight who has created quite a sensation in France by his aggressive fighting, has been signed for a bout at the National Sporting Club of London.

The French fighters who went to South America, are not doing very well in a financial way. They are expected back to France in the near future.

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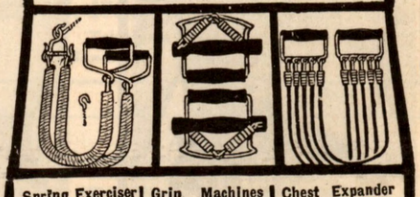

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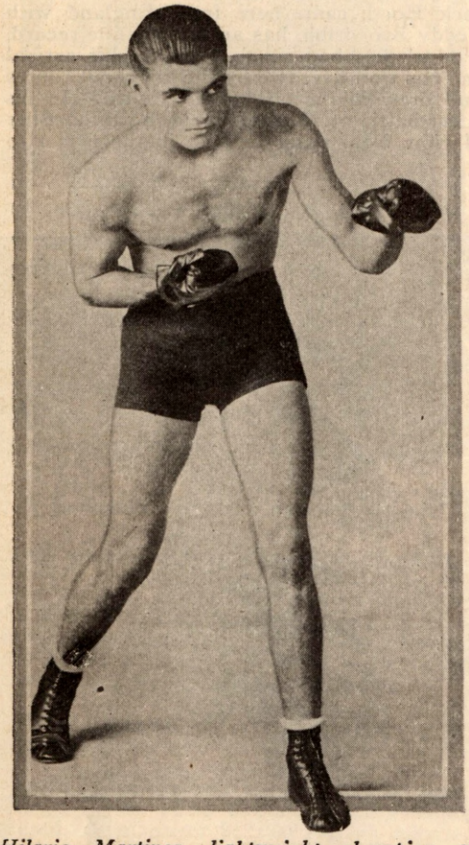
New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

SOME more upsets featured Gotham fisticuffs during the months of October and November. Perhaps the outstanding performance of the lot was turned in by Boston Jack Sharkey who annihiliated what remained of the once invincible Harry Wills. The decisive victory which was



Hilario Martinez, lightweight champion of Spain, tutored by Jimmy De Forrest.

marred by the referee Patsy Haley when he disqualified the Brown Panther in the thirteenth round for using the back hand punch, automatically placed the Hubite on the second rung of the heavyweight championship ladder. In other words, Sharkey is Gene Tunney's leading challenger. As a matter of fact Tunney must meet him after his six months are up for the good reason that Gene signed to fight him in the Garden seven months before he whipped Jack Dempsey in the rain-soaked Sesqui ring.

Next came Jim Maloney's two round knock out over the inexperienced Arthur De Kuh which resembled the sensational Dempsey - Firpo fight. Maloney, who also hails from Boston, scored seven or eight knockdowns before Arthur Donovan, the referee, humanely intervened. Among the 18,000 frenzied fans who saw the courageous Italian-American heavyweight go down to defeat were Jack Dempsey and his conqueror Tunney. They were glad to be there to get an eyeful of another menace in their path. Maloney satisfied all hands that he is deserving of a shot at the heavyweight championship.

The happiest man around the ringside was Dan Carroll, Jim's new manager. Only a week or two before the fight Dan purchased Maloney's contract which has three years more to run from Johnny McGrath for $10,000. Looks like Carroll picked up a swell bargain. He is also managing Honeyboy Finnegan, crack featherweight. Carroll is anxious to match Maloney with Sharkey to settle the question of supremacy between them, and eliminate one or the other from first crack at Tunney. A match of this kind next summer will pack any of the ball parks in New York.

That De Kuh, who towers six feet three inches in height and weighs 206 pounds, was not disheartened over his defeat was attested by the fact that a week later he trekked over to Brooklyn where he smacked the daylights out of Clem Johnson.

Maloney waded into De Kuh at the tap of the first gong. He spilled the transformed Italian wrestler all over the place. His mighty right was working overtime. Shamus Joimes was full of fight. De Kuh was hammered from pillar to post. But as many times as he was floored he got up to face another cannonading.

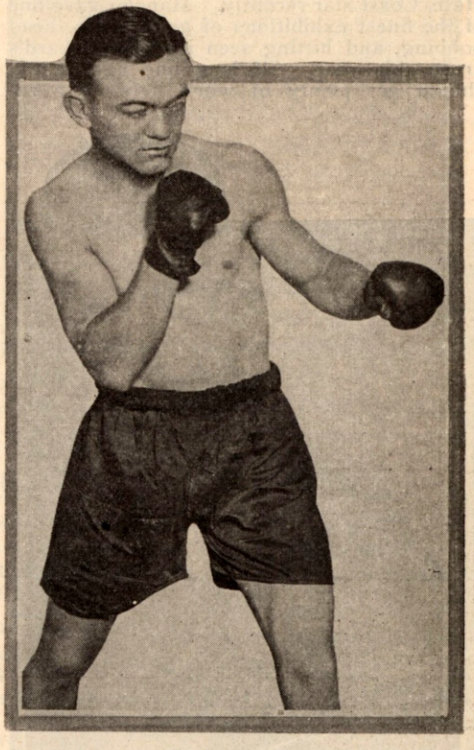
"Another John L. Sullivan" howled some of the oldtimers after Maloney returned to his corner. "And the funny part he comes from the same very section of Boston which produced the immortal Sullivan."

Monte Munn facing real competition for the first time disappointed the fans. He was paired with the tricky Carl Carter. The Nebraska barrister didn't exhibit half the class he showed against the palukas. He won in the seventh round when Referee Ed. Purdy halted the affair because the Harlem Negro refused to vght. Apparently Carter was scared stiff of Munn's right hand because he made it his business to steer clear of it.

The bald headed Sandy Seifert surprised the experts by beating Jack De Mave although the officials called it a draw. Seifert punched De Mave full of holes. It was a bad decision.

Jimmy Johnston has a corking light heavyweight prospect in Yale Okun. He has been winning consistently of late. On the Maloney-De Kuh card he whipped Bob Lawson and two weeks later he was awarded the decision over Earl Blue. In the latter engagement Okun had two close calls but he stood up under fire like a soldier.

Jess McMahon's policy of introducing new faces in the Garden seems to have made quite a hit with the customers. Continuing this policy, it is Jess' intention to shortly bring from Toronto two of the present Canadian champions who have never appeared in a New York ring, but who have



Happy Atherton, Indianapolis flyweight, who is showing skill with the mitts.

compiled impressive records in the Dominion. George Fifield, the best of Canada's welters, and Tommy Mitchell, outstanding lightweight in our neighboring country, are the two boys. Fifield is a strong, rugged, aggressive, hard hitting lad, who has been turning in many a k. o. victory of late. Mitchell, described as a fast little fellow and a brilliant boxer, has beaten such experienced campaigners as Johnny Cecolli, Joe Jawson, Teddy Joyce, Phil Richards, Frankie Mack, Frankie Stellmack and Willie Cunningham.

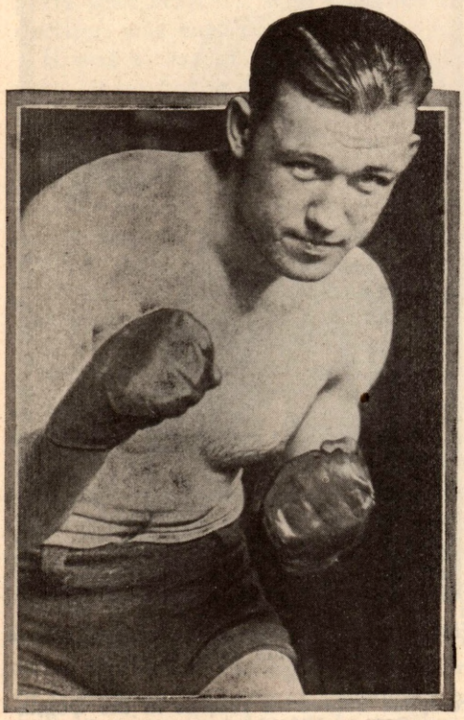
Ruby Goldstein hopes to rehabiliate himself in the good graces of his former legion admirers on the lower east side by engaging in six contests in as many weeks before the new year rolls in. The youngster who was touted as a second Benny Leonard has recovered his equilibrium and is no longer disheartened over the knockout suffered at the hands of Ace Hudkins. Ruby is intent on fighting his way back to a commanding position in the defunct lightweight class.

Goldstein was going great guns until he ran afoul of the Nebraska Wildcat. He dropped the Ace as if shot in the first round. The Coney Island Stadium crowd, for the

most part friends and admirers of the cocky Ruby, were in uproar as they saw the visitor lying at on his back. They had wagered all they owned and every penny they could borrow at odds of 3 to 1 on their idol. The cheers died down to whispers and then broken hearts and empty pocketbooks when Hudkins finished Ruby with a fusillade of left hooks to the body and right crosses to the chin in the third.

If Ruby shows some of the fighting qualities he exhibited before the Ace put him to sleep, he should make a ton of money. His services will be in demand all over the country. He will confine his activities for the time being at the old horse mart on East Twenty-fourth Street. It was in the Pioneer ring where Ruby fought most of his battles after he gave up chasing prizes in favor of yellow backs.

Alf Mancini, Great Britain's greatest junior welter weight, took the Garden by surprise by his wonderful battle against De-Hate, Coast star recently. Mancini gave one of the finest exhibitions of generalship, head bobbing, and hitting seen in Tex Rickard's arena this year. Alf is a fine fighter and should get plenty of work here. He received a tremendous ovation after beating De Hate. That contest was scheduled only as a preliminary ten rounder, but it was by far the best fight of the night. New Yorkers want to see more of Mancini, and also of Baldock and Hood, his stablemates.

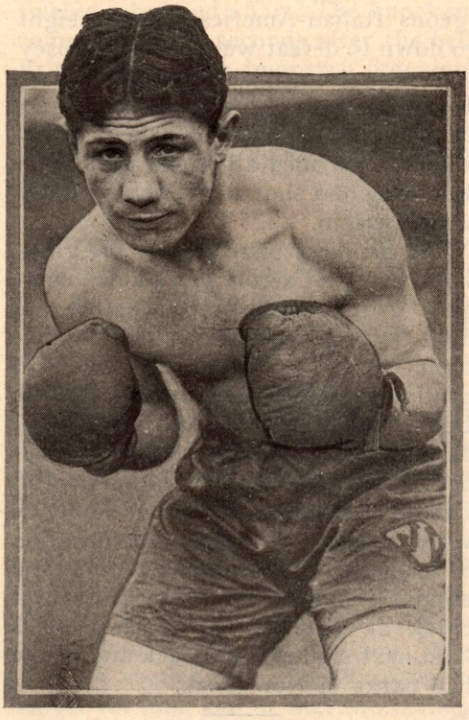


Jack Sharkey, holder of the New England heavyweight title.

There are seventeen fighters working for Jimmy Bronson and Lou Brown. They are Sandy Seifert, Pittsburgh heavyweight; Nick Fadil, Stanley Pivac, light heavies; Jack Zivic, Meyer, Cohen, Jack Katkish, Eddie Burnbrook and Jack Horner, welterweights; Ray Alfano, lightweight; Joe Kaufman, of Brooklyn, junior lightweight; Allentown Johnny Leonard, Bobby Garcia and Phil Goldstein, featherweights; Pete Zivic and Joey Katkish, both of Pittsburgh, bantams, and Danny Smith, flyweight. Kaufman, during the three years he has been fighting profesionally, has given fine accounts of himself against such boys as Charlie Rosen, Ray Miller, Eddie Anderson, Frankie La-Fay, Mickey Travers, Georgie Day, Bruce Flowers, Johnny Rocco and Steve Smith.

Jack Katkish, who has been on the sideline's for several weeks nursing a badly damaged right hand, got going again on November 6 against Andi Divodi at the Ridgewood Grove. Goldstein has lost only one decision in sixteen professionas bouts with outstanding victories over Mickey Walters, Mickey Dunn, Bobby Brady, Willie Siegel and Patsy Gallagher.

Joe Jacobs, Johnny Dundee's capable pilot, returned from the Coast with the exciting information that a Jewish heavyweight is being developed in San Francisco who has all the earmarks of a second Joe Choyinski. The youngster's name is Emanuel. Joe doesn't remember his front monicker. Suffice to state that Emanuel is a good boxer and that he tips the beam at the 185 notch. He is a student at Leland Stanford University. Upon the completion of his studies next June he is coming east and Josephus will handle him. Right now his father is doing his business. "If Emanuel makes good I'll make all the money that I'll ever need after splitting fifty-fifty with my partner Will McCarney," Jacobs told the writer. He is also pretty sweet on a Negro lightweight named Young Jack Thompson, also a Native Son, who in his last start knocked out Jack Silver in three heats.



Johnny Vacca, New England bantam contender.

James Joy Johnston, it is reported, will make matches at the Coney Island Stadium next summer, succeeding Jack (Kelly) Epstein. This will be Johnston's first job as a matchmaker in three years, or since the days he put on several slashing shows under the auspices of the Cromwell A. C.

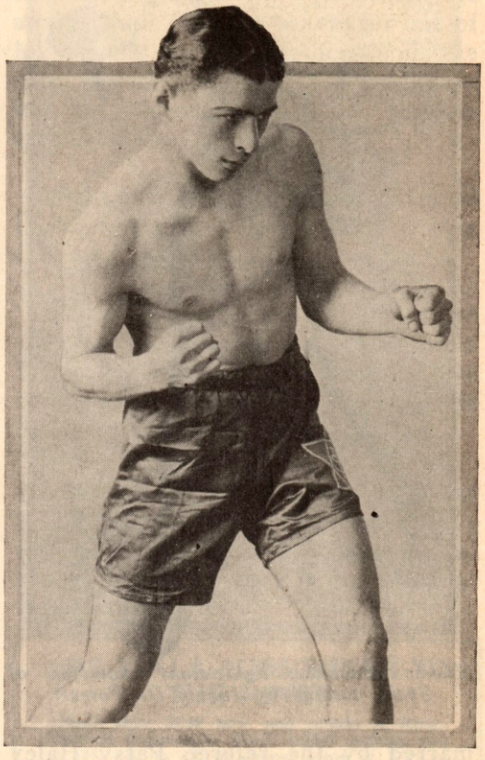
Earl Blue, who put up a scintillating performance against Yale Okun his first appearance in the new Garden ring, is anxious to take a smack at Paul Berlenbach. On second thought a bout between "Little Boy" Blue and Oom Paul would be all to the mustard, as they say in polite cauliflower circles. The Okun-Blue slugfest thrilled 8,000 fans like they had never been thrilled before. Earl scored two knockdowns.

Jack Delaney made his first fight since the balmy, summer evening when he dethroned Paul Berlenbach as world's light heavyweight champion, on November 26 against Orlando Reverberi, Italian heavyweight, at the Coliseum, Chicago. This was Delaney's initial appearance in the Windy City, and he went over like a house on fire. From now on it is the intention of manager Pete Reilly to keep Jack as busy as the proverbial bee. Delaney desires two more bouts before he will step in in defense of his worldly pugilistic belongings. Jack has had wonderful rest. A few weeks ago he scaled 186 pounds. He is anxious to get first crack at Champion Gene Tunney. Reilly says Gene is afraid of Jack's shadow.

Because of the sudden death of his two-year old daughter Paul Doyle, veteran Bath Beach welterweight, was forced to cancel several engagements. The little girl succumbed to pneumonia.

Teddy Balduck, who with Alf Mancini and Jack Hood, came here from England with Teddy Broadribb, has amassed a fine record. Balduck has had six fights since his arrival and has won five, two by the knockout routes and drew in the sixth with Cohen. In his latest battle at Mitchell Field, he laced Billy Marlow from pillar to post in the first two minutes of the first round, whereupon Marlow butted several times with his knees and the bout was awarded in the opening session to the English battler.

Balduck is the classiest, cleanest bantam England has sent to this country in many moons. He also is a good two-fisted fighter.



Sammy Dorfman, East Side bantamweight, who is going great guns

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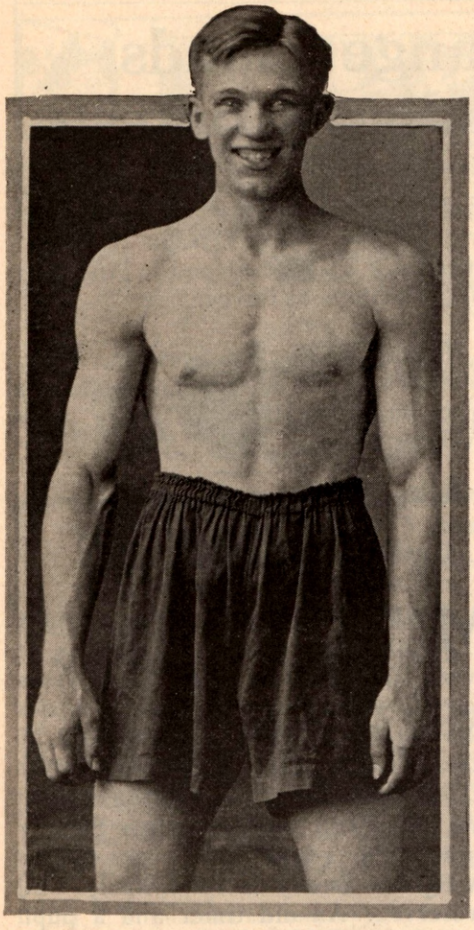
Sammy Mandell has been offered $10,000 to box Billy Petrolle, ten no-decision rounds, in the Newark armory. If he accepts Mandell must make 135 pounds at three o'clock on the afternoon of battle. The only way he can lose his lightweight title is by a kayo.

It will be two months more before Johnny Dundee will be ready to resume where he left off in the Tod Morgan battle out San Francisco way. Dundee opened an old injury on his right hand in the second round and fought the remaining eight with the left. As it was he put up a remarkable performance keeping the junior lightweight champ at bay with well timed left hooks. The



Earl Blue, crack western light heavyweight, is finding it difficult to obtain opponents.

California Boxing Commission held up Johnny's purse on the pretext that he entered the ring with the bad hand. Commissioner Hanlon however, overruled his conferees and told Promoters Willie Ritchie and Ancil Hoffman to fork over the $5,000 coming to the marvelous little fighter.

Bread line note—Al Weill is searching for a good fighter.

Jack Renault wants to break away from Leo P. Flynn. The Canadian heavyweight offered his manager $12,000 for his release. Flynn turned it down with a polite "not on your tintype."

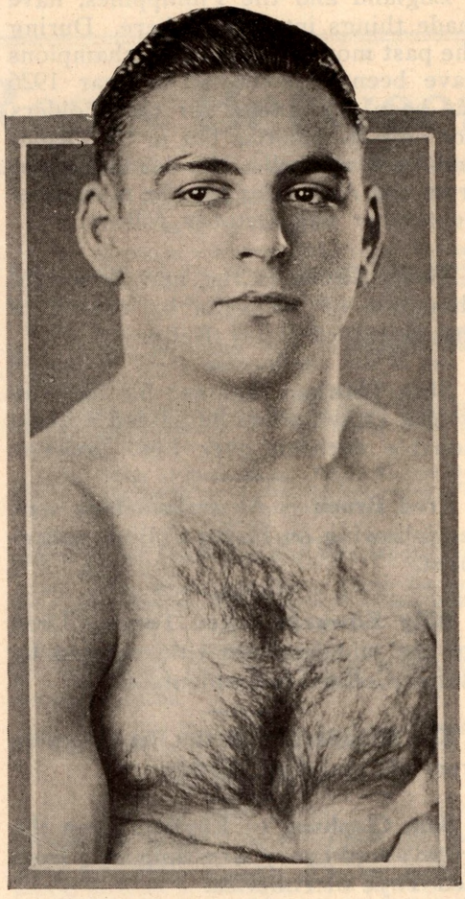
Fashion note—Giovanni O'Brien has purchased a new wardrobe with a few perfectos thrown in for good measure.

Maurice Kane, or Cain, burlesque king, is bemoaning his hard luck. He had Jack McVey, Negro welter, going big when a cut over his right eye received in training forced him to sit on the outside looking in. The injury automatically cancelled three good shots.

A capacity crowd turned out at the opening of the new Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club in Brooklyn. It has a seating capacity of 5,000, and is a second edition of Tex Rickard's arena. The old Ridgewood made a pile of money—$35,000 a year. If Jack Clifford makes the right kind of matches there is no reason why the new sluggery shouldn't double the profits. It cost $300,000 to erect.

Leo P. Flynn denies he is going to make matches for Tex Rickard in Detroit. "There's no place like New York," admits Leo. Flynn recovered in health intends to grab all the money in sight this winter with his flock of battlers. In a fanning bee the other day Flynn declared that he managed the hardest hitting welterweight who ever laced the gloves on his hands in the person of Johnny (Kid) Alberts. "He used to hit with the force of a heavyweight," declared Leo. "When I first got him he was a timid kid but once I put the old fear in him he came through like a house on fire. He developed into one of the gamest fighters in modern fisticuffs."

Two more small clubs threw open their doors last month. They included the Lenox and Manhattan. Eddie McMahon put on his first show in the 107th Street sluggery on November 8 featuring Johnny Green and Al (Rube) Goldberg. Charley Doessereck staged one show at the Manhattan and then gave it up as a bad job. Joe McKenna returned to the wars in a matchmaking capacity succeeding Doessereck.



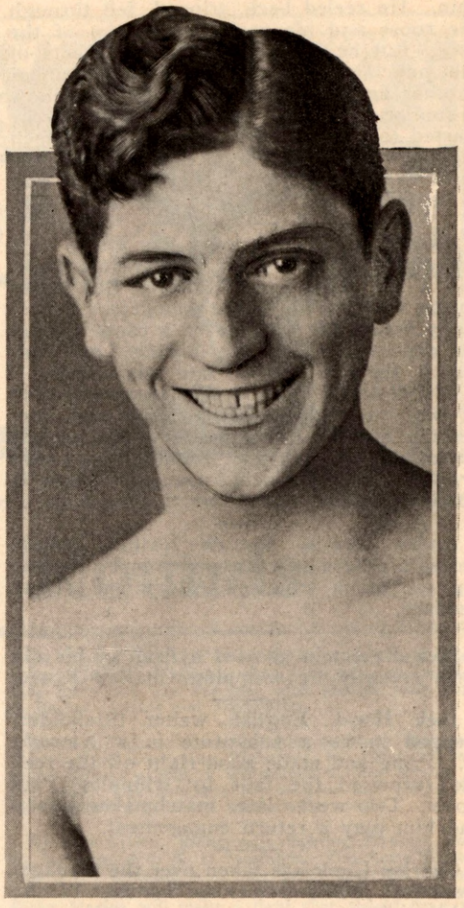
Yale Okun, Hebrew light heavyweight of New York who is just as good tackling heavies as he is with light heavies.

Dick Curley has returned to his first love—managing fighters. The other day he purchased Mike Dundee's contract from Phil Glassman. Two years ago he sold Mike to Glassman. Dundee went from bad to worse under Phil's management. While he was with Curley the Rock Island lad did not lose a fight in four years.

Sammy Vogel, Harlem lightweight, made a tremendous hit at Tampa, Fla., last month where he whipped Armand Sheckels. The promoters want him back with Sheckels again.

Jackie Cohen, East New York bantam, who held the classy English bantam, Teddy Balduck, to a six round draw at the new Broadway Arena, two weeks ago, has been signed by matchmaker Andy Neiderreiter for three matches.

Since his two round knock out over Hilario Martinez, shifty Spanish lightweight,



Milton Jampole, New York lightweight, a recent graduate of the amateur ranks, making good in the money ranks.

the services of Billy Petrolle, Fargo, N. D. "Express," are in demand all over the world. He has been offered two lucrative matches at Havana, Cuba. Matchmaker Jess McMahon is anxious to throw him in with any good lightweight at the Garden.

Manager Jack Hurley is anxious to match Petrolle with Ace Hudkins. "We'll promise to knock out the so-called wildcat, or we don't want a dime," declared Hurley in all seriousness.

It remained for Petrolle to explain the weird ending of the Garden fight.

"I'll explain how it happened," he said. "A punch under the heart in the first round practically knocked Martinez out. In the next round I clipped him a left hook on the

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chin. He reeled back, tripped, fell through the ropes and his neck hit the rim of the ring. But he never got over the effects of the punch under the heart. I remember another fight in the West. I hit the fellow a similar blow. In the next round, as he started to come at me, he suddenly dropped his arms and then fell face forward on the resin canvas. It took a few days for him to come around."

Andy Divodi, sensational Bay Ridge welterweight, celebrated his twenty-first birthday a few days ago. Manager Bill Duffy put on a big spread in the youngster's honor. Andy makes his debut over a route against the experienced and hard-hitting Lew Tendler in the new Garden late this month.

Divodi hasn't lost a decision over a stretch of two years. He improves with each succeeding battle. A couple of weeks ago he triumphed over Vince Dundee, Joe's kid brother, in a convincing manner. Vince is nobody's fool.

Andre Routis, French feather champ, scored his third successive victory by trouncing the much trounced Allentown Johnny Leonard.

Jack Bernstein showed a flash of his old form recently by whipping Charley Rosen.

Jack Hood, English welter titleholder, stepped in as a substitute in a Newark, N. J. ring and made good right off the reel. He surprised the fans by whipping Paul Doyle. Two weeks later matchmaker Kusey had him play a return engagement.

Charley Cook has taken over the management of Jackie Johnson, Seattle, Wash., lightweight.

Billy Gibson scored a ten strike when he purchased the contract of Louis (Kid) Kaplan from Dinny McMahon. The undefeated featherweight champion who turned in his title because he could no longer make 126 pounds, should be a sensation in the lightweight division. McMahon is going to continue as Kaplan's trainer.

Champion Gene Tunney is enjoying a much needed rest at Bermuda. The night preceding his departure the American Legion tendered the former Marine a dinner at the Commodore Hotel. Before the ship sailed Tunney unbosomed himself of the following: "Don't know how long I'll stay; just as long as I can get away. Parties and all those things that go with them are O. K., but I haven't had a day's rest since I won the championship. And I think I have at least that much coming to me."

Ace Hudkins received $17,000 in his second victorious stand against Phil McGraw. The next day he rushed back to his home at Lincoln, Neb. He will return next month for a fight with Joe Dundee. Hudkins has developed into a full fledged welter. From the time he knocked out Ruby Goldstein until he faced McGraw it was noticeable that he had grown an inch. In another year he will weigh around 160 pounds. The kid is growing by the second.

Paddy Mullins brought Happy Atherton from the west to meet the best flyweights. He made his debut at the Pioneer two weeks ago against Black Bill. He looks like a good prospect.

Benny Valger is back home after an absence of a year or more. At Milwaukee a month ago Valger outpointed Joe Azzarella in ten rounds.

Dan Caplin wants $25,000 for Sid Terris' contract which has two or three more years to run.

Many Titles Change Hands In Australian Contests

By R. A. CUMES

BOXING in Australia is better than it has been in several years. The boys in the smaller classes have developed to a point where competition is keen and many good bouts have been staged as a result. Visitors from other shores, including boys from the United States.

England and the Phillippines, have made things interesting here. During the past month several new champions have been crowned. The year 1926 has been a bad one for title holders not only in America but in the Orient and here as well. The leading news from the Antipodes for the months of September and October follow:

Teddy Green is the new flyweight champion of Australia by reason of the defeat of Patsy Kelly.

Stan Thurbon regained his bantamweight crown when he gained a questionable decision over Les. Jackson.

Fred Brock is Australia's best welter following on Harry Collins' retirement.

Billy Edwards licked Tommy Uren for the middleweight title vacated by Harry Collins' retirement.

Ern Sheppard took the heavy crown from old man Ern Waddy

Sam Clapham, of England, won the world's mid-heavy wrestling title from Ted Thye of America.

Martin Denny, who fought way back in the days of Griffo, arrived back in his homeland after an absence of over 30 years spent in America.

Of these events the most important from a boxing standpoint, was the arrival of Billy Edwards. Edwards looks the goods and should go a long way in the game. He is the most promising chap developed in Australia since the days of Darcy.

Tommy Uren, Alf Stewart, Merv. Williams, Jack Cole, are middleweights who have fought with more than average success.

Edward's record against these men reads Cole k. o. 4 rounds; Stewart, k. o. 5; Williams, k. o. 9; Uren, k. o. 7.

MARTIN DENNY, great fighter of past decades, is with us at every big fight here. Thirty four years ago Martin Denny and Albert Griffiths (Young Griffo) fought a slashing 25 round draw at Sydney. As Denny puts it "We fought on a Saturday night and were still fighting when Sunday came". For a man of 58 years and an ex-fighter Denny is remarkably well preserved. An old timer and a pupil of Peter Jackson, it is perhaps only natural that Martin should think the wonderful black the greatest heavy of them all.

Comparing Jackson with Dempsey, Denny could not understand why Dempsey was rated so high. Said Denny:

"I can just imagine Jackson chopping a rusher like Dempsey to pieces." When Dempsey met Firpo he knocked the Argentinian down several times and just to give you an idea of the relative punching powers of Dempsey and Fitzsimmons, I say that Fitz would have knocked Firpo down only once and he would have stayed down.

Time has indeed dealt kindly with Martin Denny. For years he was a saloon keeper in U. S. A. and he speaks highly of the country and the people there. Denny fought with success against many of America's best and was defeated by "Spider" Kelly.

Maxie Rosenblum is still on Tiger Flowers' trail. He won on a foul over the middleweight champ in a Boston ring. "I'll know him out the next time," promises Maxie.

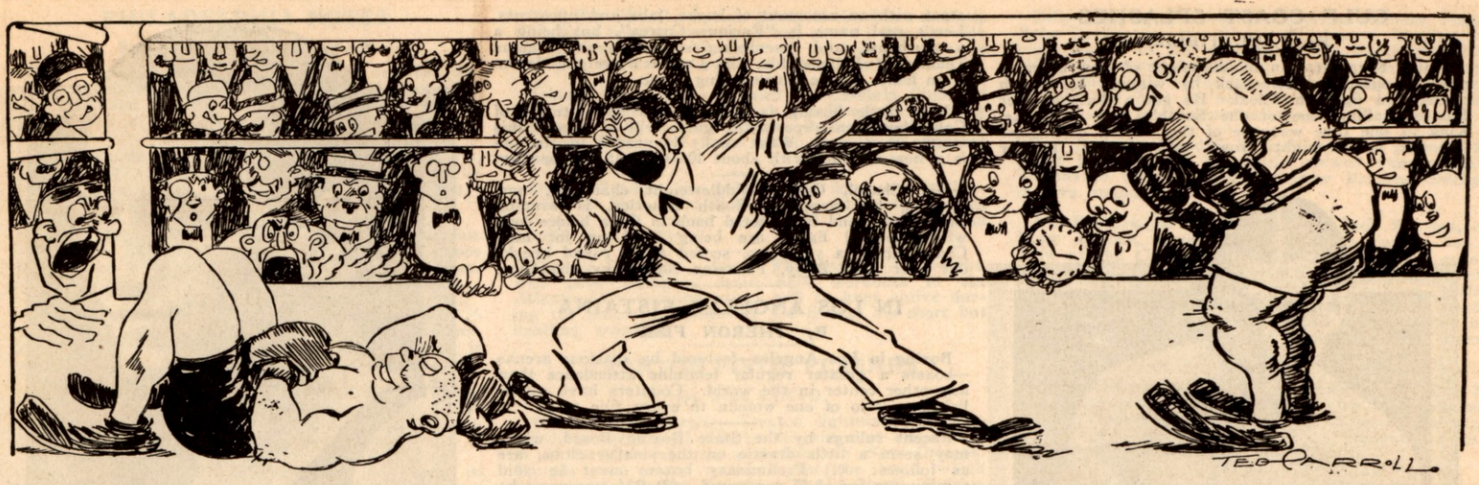
Joey Silvers has made good in the welter division. Nat Rogers is anxious to throw him in with either Ace Hudkins or Joe Dundee.

Champion Pete Latzo has resumed training for an arduous indoor campaign.

Vic Burrone, Greenwich Village bantam, went all the way to St. Paul where he gave a good account of himself against Bud Taylor.

Johnny Wilson, former middleweight champion, is rarin' to go. Since his two creditable performances against Maxie Rosenbloom, most of the alleged "contenders" run to cover when they hear his name.

Jim Buckley, who promoted fights when most of the present promoters were in their swaddling clothes, has picked up a find in young Canada Lee. He is a Negro lightweight.



Minute Rests Between Rounds

ARMY BOXING IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE

By Lieut. J. V. GROMBACH, Military Police

A series of Post, Inter-post, and Side Championships, is now in full swing in the Panama Canal Zone to determine this year's Post, Pacific and Atlantic Side as well as Canal Zone champions. While the participants of these tournaments are not overpossessed with ring technique, yet the cards bristle with action, heavy slugging and frequent knock-outs. Due to the fact that almost every company, all of less than one hundred men, have several entries in each weight, competition improves until the inter-post, side and final Canal Zone championships are not to be overlooked.

Lieut. J. V. Grombach has been designed to referee the side and department championships.

Fort Davis on the Atlantic side, has a strong team ably coached by Lieut. John Archer Stewart of boxing and football fame, both at the University of California and West Point. Sergeant Stank, former middleweight champion of the 2nd Corps area (in and around New York City) looks like a likely candidate for the Zone Championship at his weight.

France Field also boasts of a strong team and due to its location and nearness to the cities of Christobal and Colon, has been designated as the scene of the Atlantic Side Final.

Gatun, though only a small artillery post, is confident of turning in a good record. The coach of this post team is Lieut. Andrews, former inter-collegiate featherweight champion.

Fort Clayton, near the city of Panama and the scene of both the Pacific and Department finals, has probably the best balanced team of any post in the isthmus under the expert instruction of Coach Newman. In Colbert, last year's Department lightweight champion they are practically confident of one title. Sergeant Quinn, formerly of Fort Davis, is also expected to win in the heavyweight division.

Great interest is shown in all these boxing competitions by the army, navy and civilian population of the Canal Zone. Boxing, in Panama, is one of the main seasonal sports vying with baseball and basketball and replacing football which can not be played because of the weather. The plans and schedules for all Department athletics are prepared at Department headquarters at Quarry Heights. Captain A. P. Sullivan is the Department Athletic Officer.

RING JABS FROM PANAMA

King Solomon and Jose Lombardo will soon return to Panama.

Sergeant Bose, the parachute jumper from France Field was formerly featherweight champion at Mitchel Field and in the same stable of fighters as were Sergeant Sammy Baker and George Smith. Bose is representing France Field in the lightweight class in the zone championships.

The Fourteenth Street Athletic Club of Panama City is reviving boxing at the Bull Ring Vista Alegre.

Colbert, Canal Zone lightweight champion, very soon returns to the States.

Webb, the Panama edition of Mickey Walker, and soldier champion of Fort Amador, has won four fights in a row by knock-outs.

Jack Murray, formerly a popular slugger in the New York Armories while stationed at Governor's Island, just recently arrived to strengthen the boxing prospects at Fort Clayton.

FROM ALABAMA

By S. P. CARPRI

At the Birmingham Athletic Club, Young Battling Kelly knocked out Red Alford. Red's seconds tossed the towel into the ring in the fifth round. Kelly utilized a pretty left jab with telling effect.

Young Vincent of the Boy's club spilled the dope, more or less, in staying with the rugged Sailor Simpson ten rounds and outboxing him to gain a judges' decision.

Red Wilson of Birmingham and Ed O'Dell of Mobile, were the participants in the first of the three 10-round mills. Wilson won the decision.

Johnny Flynn of Chattanooga, Tenn., Kayoed Red Wilson in the fourth round after the bell saving Wilson in the third at the count of five.

Jimmy Lane, Flynn's stablemate, weighing 155 pounds, kayoed Jimmy Carroll of Fort Worth, Tex., in the third round.

Lane scored several knockdowns during the first two rounds. And got the K. O. in 35 seconds in the third.

Mike Romano of Ensley, formerly of Italy, won his special event with Ed O'Dell of Mobile; the B. A. C. Romano is fast and a teriffic hitter. He weighs 145 pounds.

Sam Lavoy and Battling Bozzo, hauled and mauled for four rounds to a draw.

IN VIRGINIA

By RODY DAVIS

Among the fighters from this section who have shown in Richmond lately is one who bids fair to mount high in his profession. This boy is Rocky Marion, Richmond middleweight. He is perfectly built for scrapping, hits hard and is tough and game to the core.

In his recent fight with Johnny Wilson, former world's champ, Marion showed his gameness. Though knocked out, he put up a corking good fight for the five rounds and Wilson said after the fight that if properly handled Rocky would go well up the puglistic ladder.

Not at all discouraged by this defeat Rocky went back to training and about a month later knocked out Rusty Murray, Florida 160 pounder. Marion completely outclassed the Southern boy in every department of the game.

The latter part of September he took on K. O. Spagnolia, the U. S. Army lightway champion, and got a draw. Rocky spilled the Army champion three times.

Young Ceasar, brother of Rocky Marion, is middleweight wrestling champion of Virginia and is himself quite a boxer. Ceasar is a very accomplished wrestler and has victories over men like Zeke Smith and Kid Bakish.

Eddie "Battling" Booth, Richmond lightweight is doing well in the ring. He won the decision over Andy Kelly, Baltimore boy, in his last fight. Booth is one of the cleanest living boxers in the game and this is a great factor in his success. He is learning the finer points rapidly and has a draw with Frankie Masonis, U. S. Army lightweight champ.

Little Joey Goodman, formerly from Baltimore and now of Richmond, is a featherweight that is going to make a big name for himself as a boxer. Goodman k. o'd Eddie Collins, Baltimore fighter, in Richmond during the last part of September and Joey turned the job so quickly that folks were astonished. This Richmond boy has met with success such boys as Buster Dundee and Tony Ross.

Battling Dick, claimant of the Southern bantamweight title, is making Richmond his home at this time. He lost a bout of ten rounds to Joey Kaplan of Baltimore. The Southern boy is good and will make good against any of the men at his weight.

Fireman Griffin, Richmond's fighting Fireman, lost his last bout with K. O Spagnolia. The Army fighter copped the decision, which he justly deserved, though the Richmond man put up a nice fight. Griffin and Ricky Marion will make a fight that should draw all of the Richmond fight fans.

The writer supposes that Andy Bowen, popular Washington, D. C. Junior lightweight, will again make his winter home in Florida.

CALGARY, CANADA NOTES

By BILL BUXTON

Jimmy Bennie, fight promoter of Lethbridge announces a ten round boxing contest at Blackie between Jimmy Mahon and Mike Murphy for the Buxton belt, emblematic of the welterweight championship of western Canada.

Steve Soltice and Don Dorey are doing good work here.

Jimmy Kid Welsh is a new arrival in Alberta's fistic circles. He issues a challenge to all featherweights particularly Young Cowie, the Alberta champion and Mickey Ellsworth.

Syd Pape, ex-light heavy champ of England, had his first workout in this country at Barney Doran's Gym. He will probably appear against Roddy McDonald.

Jack Reddick and Shrimp Elliott are in first class shape and ready to take on all. Reddick is now managed by Bill Buxton. Reddick is the Canadian light heavyweight champion.

Bill Buxton has taken over the management of Jack Reddick, the Canadian light-heavyweight champion. Reddick is getting in fine shape doing his road work at Victoria race track every morning. He is working in earnest to get in the shape he was when he fought Harry Greb, Kid Norfolk and Paul Berlenbach and other top-notchers of the fistic game. He is being assisted by Syd Pape, ex-cruiseweight champion of England, who is also training at the Victoria gym.

Mr. Buxton intends to bring real topnotchers of the game to Calgary, and has ordered a beautiful belt from Birks for competition for the light-heavyweight championship of Canada. Reddick is open to meet McDonald, Snider, or anycne in western Canada in one month's time.

IN GALVESTON

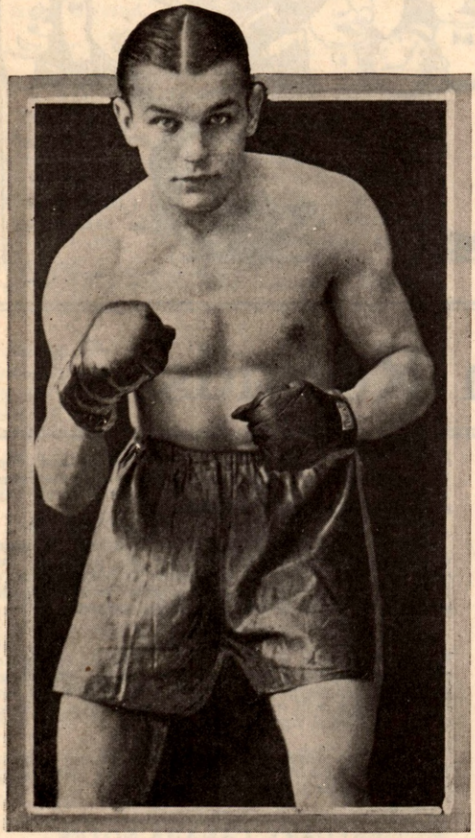
Fight results at the Crystal Palace Arena follow: Sonny Goodrich and K. O. White, draw, 12 rounds; Willie Henry knocked out Battling Batiste in 30 seconds of the first round; Billie Podraza knocked out Milt Pontier in 5 rounds; Skeets Baker won the decision over Bootsey Shordee in 4 rounds.

Wildcat Monte k. o.'d K. O. Leonard in 4 rounds; Willie Henry knocked out Battling Furddie in 6 rounds; Tuffy Jackson knocked out Bobby Brown in 6 rounds; Leroy "Kid" Formann won a knockout over Battling Bruce in 4 rounds.

GULF COAST SPLASHES

By PAUL TIBLIER

Jimmy King, veteran middleweight of New Orleans, made a successful comeback by winning his fourth consecutive fight in Biloxi. He got a decision over Buster Mallini, one of the South's best aspirants. King at one time was one of the leading contenders for the middleweight crown and kayoed Tommy Freeman.



George Amblard, Philadelphia junior lightweight.

Ray Schaeffer, Biloxi featherweight who was heralded as the next Harry Greb, with his windmill style of fighting won over Billy Burton on the same card with the King-Mallini bout. Schaeffer is planning a tour of the Pacific Coast where he has several bouts arranged.

Shortly after winning the heavyweight championship from Jack Dempsey letters of congratulation were forwarded Gene Tunney at his headquarters in New York together with invitations to the champion to visit Biloxi again. Tunney trained in Biloxi for his fight with Jeff Smith in New Orleans and he made a number of friends in the Peninsular City, which also made an impression with him.

In answer to an invitation extended the champ to come to Biloxi the following reply has been received: "Thank you very much for the kind remarks and invitation contained in your letter of recent date, all of which I appreciate keenly.

"My plans at this writing are rather indefinite but should I find the opportunity to visit your good city again, I shall most assuredly deem it a pleasure."

HAVANA NOTES

By MILTON BARON

While these notes are being written, Havana is getting over the terrible effects of a cyclone, which will put boxing on the shelf for some time. All arenas, stadiums, and other sport circles have been completely destroyed, and it was a pitiful scene to see the Arena Colon, one of the oldest and most famous sites, blown to pieces.

On October 8, Armando Schakels defeated Nobby Joe Gans. The latter was disqualified in the eighth round, after being repeatedly warned by the referee for foul tactics. Gans made good use of his thumb in Schakels' eye, almost blinding the Belgian.

Augustin Lillo, local welter, decisively whipped Martin Perez, the "Terrible Cook", and one of the best middleweights in Cuba. Lillo led all the way, and made splendid use of a lightning left jab, followed by a right cross, and had Martin's number from beginning to the end.

Lew Tendler, crack southpaw flyweight, scored a four round preliminary victory over Enriquito Valdes, one of the best in Cuba. Tendler tore in right from the start with an assortant of hooks, jabs and uppercuts. Lew's real name is "Enrique Correa", but being a a southpaw, and resembling somewhat the famous Tendler of Philadelphia, the Cuban flyweight deems it an honor to use his new ring name.

Very little boxing is going on in the interior of Cuba, but from reports the game will be bigger this winter than ever. What really is needed in Havana is a new stadium with about 10,000 or 15,000 capacity.

Kid Charol, Cuban middleweight champion, now showing his wares in South America, is winning right along, and is expected back in Cuba before long where several fights are being lined up for him. Charol about a year ago, scored a six round knockout over Alex Riley, Peruvian lightheavy champion.

IN LOS ANGELES FISTAINA

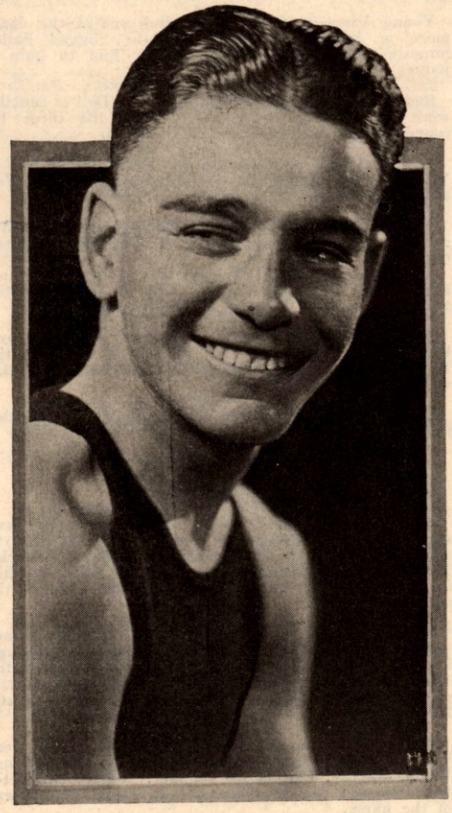
By THERON FISK

Boxing in Los Angeles—fostered by spacious arenas—boasts a greater regular feminine attendance than any other center in the world. Counters have established a ratio of one woman to every five men.

Recent rulings by the State Boxing Board, which may seem a little drastic on the smaller clubs, are as follows: (1) Preliminary boxers must be paid a minimum fee of $5 per round. (2) Referees must be paid a minimum fee of $25. (3) All clubs must furnish a surety bond for 75 per cent of the capacity of their house. (4) The suspension of a manager includes every member of his stable.

Another ruling, passed some months ago, compels all boxers to be announced by their own name. This was the reason of Morris Sheer and Jack Finkelstein going to court and having their names legally changed to Mushy Callahan and Jackie Fields respectively.

Having got Mickey Walker beaten a few times, Jack Kearns is willing to let Mickey appear out here against a setup for "thirty grand."



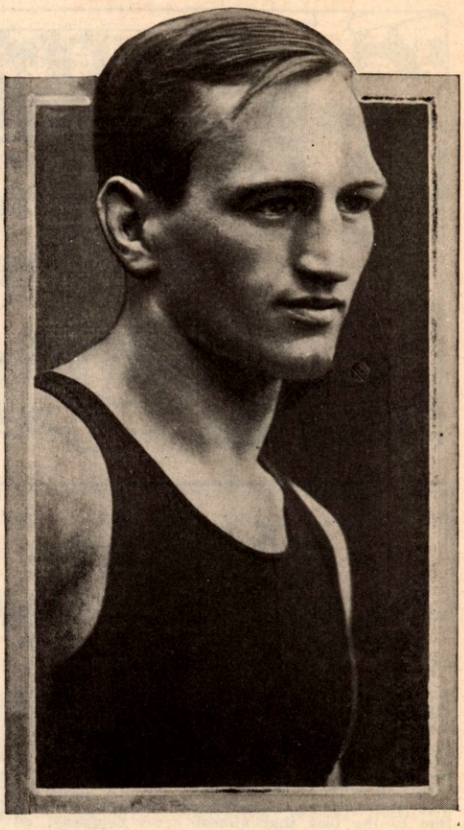
Joey Williams, New England Flyweight.

Already there is talk of sending Johnny Risko against Jack Dempsey in his promised test fight for the home town. Risko made himself solid with Los Angeles fans by the mauling he gave Eddie Huffman.

Leo Lomski, known as Ketchell's Ghost, walloped Jack Willis all over the ring to win an easy decision. Lomski having beaten them all on the coast is planning an Eastern invasion soon. The Pole is just aggressive enough to be interesting, a hard puncher and cool as a cucumber. Leo fights at 160 pounds.

Fidel La Barba and Mushy Callahan are accommodating all comers with non-title and popular priced contests.

Bert Colima remained perpendicular for 10 rounds and won from Everett Strong. Colima is staging a comeback, having been flattened by Mickey Walker and Leo Lomski.



Ludwig Hayman, contender for heavyweight championship of Germany.

Through the generosity of the referee, Doc Snell was given a decision over Jimmy McLarnin. It was one of those decisions that can't be cashed for 30 cents. Should the boys be rematched McLarnin would rule a 3 to 1 favorite.

Another boy basking in the limelight is Jack Thompson, negro lightweight. Thompson was the first and only one to knock out Jack Silver, Frisco's pride and joy.

Already there is a noticeable influx of Eastern boxers. Some come with glowing advance notices, while others come in Fords—but all come to enjoy California's sunshine.

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PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Harry Blitman, former national junior amateur flyweight champion, is now in the stable of Max (Boo Boo) Hoff and will see plenty of action this winter. Blitman has a long string of knockout conquests.

Johnny Burns, who promotes bouts at the Cambria, helped along the South African Mission Fund by putting on a special series of glove tiffs. Thirty-four boxers gave their services gratis.

One of the hardest workers of the Philadelphia veterans is Battling Levinsky. Manager Al Lippe has outlined a busy sampaign for him. He meets Young Stribling in Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 11.

Lancaster fighters continue to show their wares in Philadelphia rings. They include: Len Brenner, Battling Willard and Rosie Stoy. The latter is one of the best little fellows in the country.

A referee's license has been granted by the State Athletic Commission to Bryan Hayes, former Philadelphia amateur boxer, who has been identified with the ring game for at least twenty years.

Jack Palmer, Italian middleweight, has been in training for some time, and is ready to step out with the best of his class. Palmer hits hard with both hands, and likes tough opponents.

Whitey Fitzgerald, veteran West Philadelphia welterweight, was unable to go through with a recent bout at the Arena, on account of a bad cold. He has a big following.

Ricardo Romano, Chestnut Hill Italian fighter, who recently defeated Yale Okun, is working hard and hopes to get a bout with Matt Adgie, Philadelphia's sensational light heavyweight.

Adgie has changed managers. Pete Moran sold out his interests to Max (Boo Boo) Hoff for a sum said to be around the $10,000 mark. There will not be many idle moments for Adgie under Hoff's wing.

Babe Ruth, hard hitting Philadelphian, is back in his old time form. He showed good ring skill and speed in beating Johnny Ceccoli, the coal regions battler.

Charley (Boots) Doyle, the Kensington battler, who has not been very active lately, is staging a real comeback.

Tommy Cooney who recently won a decision over Billy Washington, says he is anxious to meet the colored fighter again providing the latter will weigh in at 138 pounds.

Benny Bass, the star featherweight in Phil Glassman's stable, could box in almost every section of the United States but Glassman is just picking out the high spots for his hard hitting lad.

In Tiger Thomas, a colored middleweight from Williamsport, Jimmy Daugherty thinks he has a real sensation. Thomas made his Philadelphia debut in a recent bout against Ted Coolidge of New York.

Sammy Hahn, veteran handler of fighters and many of his friends, consider he received a raw deal from the State Athletic Commission, when he was suspended indefinitely on the charge of having a substitute fighter use a name almost similar to another in a bout in Western Pennsylvania. Hahn has asked for a re-hearing and has engaged counsel.

Matt Adgie, Philadelphia's light heavyweight, who has been in the ring just one year, will be kept busy again this winter by Pete Moran, matchmaker of the Arena. Adgie, "The Fight Ice Man," eventually hopes to get a fling at Gene Tunney. He broadcasted to the wide world he was anxious to meet Tunney as soon as the latter won the title.

By stepping into the limelight when he dropped "Honey Boy" Finnegan, Al Winkler, has been given a number of good fall bouts. He is an aggressive lad.

Billy Schultz, a featherweight, has been added to the stable of Sam Corbett. Flint Marshall is also in the Corbett ranks.

It's hard to stay out of the fighting game once you've entered it. As proof, Al Lippe has six boxers under his wing, including Big Bill Tate, Battling Levinsky, Jimmy Jones, Young Buck Boyle, Jeff Smith and Dace Adelman. The latter was only recently added to the list.

Philadelphia is just recovering from the Dempsey-Tunney battle. The Quaker City fans are convinced Jack was a million miles from being himself but Jimmy Dougherty sized the whole affair up by telling all his friends the champion was only good against slow big fellows. There has been many heavyweight bouts at the Old Broadway and other clubs in Phillie that had it all over the Dempsey-Tunney tiff for thrills.

Joey Joyce and Eddie Ferguson are two of the Philadelphia amateurs who recently turned pro. and are making good.

Every time Rosie Stoy, the Lancaster featherweight appears, he looks better. Up in the Red Rose City they believe he is unbeatable.

"All For Glory" amateur bouts at the Penn Athletic Club have been started again and prove a big hit with the club members. Virtually all the best amateurs in the city are taking parts in these tournaments.

Johnny Burns has re-opened his Cambria Club and judging by the early turnouts the Kensington boxing temple is in for its best season. Burns encourages the younger talent and never fails to put on fighting shows.

Danny Kramer, the hard hitting southpaw featherweight in Max (Boo Boo) Hoff's stable, is working out daily and expects to get all the work he can handle this winter.

Tommy Loughran, South Philadelphia lightweight, who gave Dempsey some hard workouts in the Atlantic City training camp, will be kept active during the indoor campaign by Joe Smith, his short but hustling manager.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By SOX PINTO

Tommy Kid Murphy, Trenton lightning rod, won Southern lightweight title by his win over Pal Moran in a 12-round bout to a decision in New Orleans. Murphy won every round except the tenth which was even. Murphy has not lost a single decision in over two years.

On account of a bad cut he received while training, Joe Reno has been forced to cancel two bouts. He is now back in training for bouts he has in view. Reno has been coming along in wonderful style.

Eddie O'Dowd of St. Paul gave Johnny Brennan a boxing lesson in the windup of ten rounds at the Arena in Trenton.

Alex Hart and Willie Hines put on one of the worst bouts this writer has ever seen. It wasn't that both boys were not trying but just a case of poor match-making.

Babe McCorgory went over big with the fans in his first appearance by beating High Hat McCollars in an eight-round bout. These men are middleweights.

Another case of poor match-making was the Jack McFarlane-Joe Smith go. Smith, an unknown, was no match for McFarlane. The referee stopped the bout in the eighth round. The semi- saved the show. Ewin Bige and Ray Mitchell went at it for ten rounds without a letup, Bige taking the newspaper decision.

Jack Thompson, local sportsman, is trying hard to proccure a license to run shows at the Armory and we wish him lots of luck.

Dike Fagella thinks he has a comer in the person of Danny Mason, better known as the Blond Tiger. He is a south paw and weighs 110 pounds.

Jesse Goss, negro lightweight of Trenton, is coming along in wonderful style. In his last two starts he beat Harry Kid Brown of Philly and Frankie Schuman of Perth Amboy. Goss has hurled a challenge at Tommy Kid Murphy. Murphy is willing. It's up to the promoters.

SOUTH JERSEY NOTES

By HARRY DOLFUSS

Frankie Vance continued his winning streak at the expense of Kid Garflick, of Perth Amboy, at Norristown. Vance has scored 24 wins in 26 starts.

Ralph Jannatty and Matt Engle, Atlantic City managers, have their stable fighting in winning form. Gene Moratti defeated Jimmy Golden in Camden in eight rounds; Freddy Welsh drew with Freddy Jackson in Camden and a week later stopped Joey Blake at the Cambria, in Philadelphia, and "Papers" Jimmy Kelly drew with Chick Lydell.

Jack Hennessey, better known as the "Liverpool Laddie," finds it tough securing matches for his protege Paddy O'Brien, of Ireland. They are all passing him up for some reason. This boy is one of the best little flyweights around these parts.

Young Jack Dempsey, welterweight contender, added two more victories to his application for a shot at Pete Latzo's title when he defeated Sailor Darden of New York, in Atlantic City and a few days later won in easy fashion over Billy Drake of England, in Kenilworth, Md.

Buck Fleming, hard hitting featherweight who is showing great improvement, is very much in demand hereabouts. The promoters in South Jersey and Trenton are trying to secure Danny Kramer, Benny Bass or Babe Herman. Fleming will mix it up with them before the end of the year.

At Convention Hall in Camden, Roxie Allen easily defeated Ruby Stein of New York, Jackie Hindle whipped Eddie Chaney in the semi-final, Shamus McGuire drew with Lew Jackson and Lew Guiglemi easily won over Johnny Shearn in the curtain raiser.

Scotty McDonald, Scot featherweight, after a successful summer season, has just returned from a vacation in Canada, where he has rounded himself in great shape for the coming indoor season.

Billy Pimpus, Atlantic City's pride, defeated Sugar Babe Darlington, the Brown Panther of Camden, in eight rounds in the wind up at the Northside Club. Willie Patterson shaded Joey Reynolds in the semi-final, and Mike Credell, veteran campaigner, was sent to the land of nod once again, this time by Kid Brooks, local shore scrapper, in three rounds.

Joe Leckish, Mendell Bailus' sparring partner, is going great guns. He easily stowed away K. O. Towells in three rounds and later Battling Shicker in five rounds.

Joe Bashara, of Philadelphia, and Jack Kiernan, of Long Branch, boxed eight harmless rounds to a draw at the Convention Hall. The semi final ended abruptly after one minute of action when Harry Neff received a terrific blow on the jaw from Eddie Edwards' right paw losing a number of his teeth, and Neff acted very wise to call it quits for the evening. The large attended crowd gave the victor a great ovation.

Charley Cunningham, Clemonton's flyweight, is making a great name for himself on Pennsylvania territory. Cunningham would like to swap fists with either Pee Wee Ross or Tommy Dundee for the Camden county flyweight championship.

Bobby Gunnis and Herman Taylor, who cooperated with Tex Rickard in the promotion of the Dempsey and Tunney title bout, have taken over the Camden Armory for the coming winter months.

Ray Weigand, promising featherweight of Philadelphia, is being groomed by Tommy Reilly, referee of the Dempsey and Tunney title tilt, and shapes up like a good prospect in his class.

K. O. Tommy Doran, of Bristol, hard punching featherweight, looms up as a dangerous contender for the featherweight title. He is being handled by Patsy Moffo.

Joe Bush, promising middleweight, defeated Joe Clark in ten rounds at Tamaqua, and the promoter rematched him to appear again with either Yale Okun or some other outstanding middleweight.

IN SOUTHEASTERN KANSAS

By JESS RISNER

The Pitcher, Okla., American Legion, staged a boxing show on September 27. Jimmie Carter Chanute (welter) stopped Mickey McCance of Carterville, Mo., in the fourth round of the ten-round main event. Johnny Hughes of Galena, Kans., won from Kansas Kid Easter in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Hughes was credited with a K. O. Easter was never knocked off his feet but was beaten blind. It was the most remarkable feat of gameness ever witnessed in this section of the country. It was a great show and all fans were all pleased.

Before a packed house at Pittsburg, Kans., Johnny Wagner of Ft. Scott won the decision over the highly touted Billy Atkinson of Los Angeles, in ten rounds. Jimmie Carter and Henry Neniger fought ten fierce rounds in the semi-windup.

Kansas (Kid) Easter underwent an operation on his nose, and will be out of the game for at least a month. Easter is a popular welter in these parts, and will be missed.

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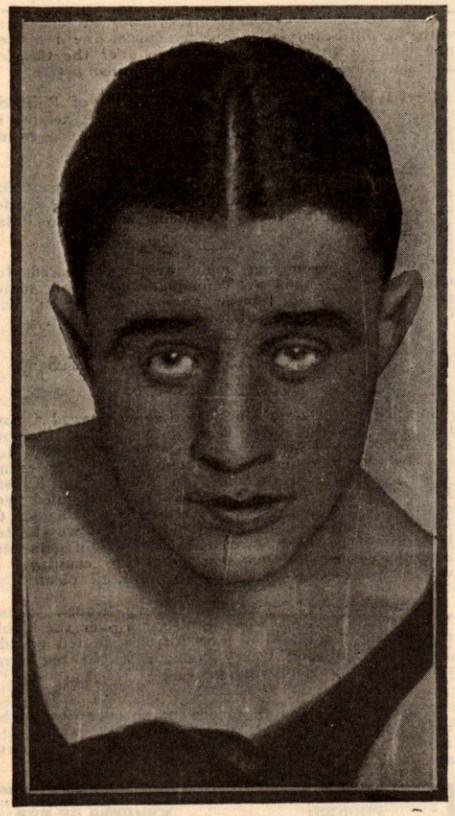
FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By DUKE BARRY

Paradoxial as it may appear, the recent "big winds" that blew over and through Miami, and sister cities, have been beneficial to boxing. In Miami especially, the sport is in better condition than ever before. Whether the wind had anything to do with it or not, several new and really good boxers have "blew" into the Magic City recently.

The first of the invaders was Jimmy Cashill, the St. Paul lightweight. Cashill has failed to live up to his vaunted reputation, as he was defeated twice in his first two starts. "Cowboy" Frankie Osner got the nod over the Twin City boxer, then Hollis Sullivan of Atlanta showed him the way home. Cashill claims infected teeth are the cause of his poor showings.

Hollis Sullivan, the pride of Atlanta, through his defeat of Cashill earned him a bout with Tim O'Dowd, now calling Louisville his home. The boys put up a clever draw exhibition, but it did not please one of the largest crowds of the season. The other ten of the double bracket showed Petey Sarron, getting



Carl Duane, New York's fine Junior Lightweight

the duke over Harry Allen. This encounter was a sterling fracas.

Sandwiched in between these cards, Tommy Williams of Miami and Eddie Burl of Mobile put up a slashing melee of ten frames to a draw. These three shows were staged by Hugh Martin, at the baseball park, Miami, and drew record breaking attendances.

Ed Douglass, having remodeled his beautiful stadium staged several good cards. He imported Larry Roach of Newark to clash with "Cowboy" Frankie Osner in a scheduled 10-rounder. But the bout only had gone five rounds, when Roach had to cease, as he received a badly wrenched back during the second heat. Osner won by a technical kayo.

A hurricane tilt was staged by Douglass when he flashed Genaro Pino, Cuba's flyweight champion, opposing Sammy Tucker of Red Bank, N. J.. Pino, considered the cleverest flyweight to show in Miami, gave his opponent a thorough boxing lesson.

Five brilliant shows programmed in a city that was devastated by one of the severest hurricanes recorded in this section. The first taking place three weeks following the "big blow" speaks volumes for the reinhabitation of Miami, and the progressive spirit of not only the promoters but for the large throngs that attended.

Phil Pritchard has opened his arena at West Palm Beach for the winter season, and got off to a flying start. Pritchard flashed Pinky May of Savannah, and Young Bob Martin of Atlanta, in one tilt of a double windup, while Nat Arna and Joe Mack, slugged through a torrid encounter in the other.

Enrique Valdes, the dashing flyweight of Havana, has arrived in Miami and was immediately booked by Hugh Martin. Valdes is an exceptionally fast and clever mite. His first bout will be against Tommy "Kid" Williams of Miami. Valdes has fought Black Bill, Pino and other Cuban stars.

In a torrid tilt at Miami, Bogie Saab won over Teddy Nelson of Brooklyn.

Lake Worth, a city that is seven miles south of West Palm Beach, will resume boxing after over two years layoff. The game should prosper there as that city has now a larger population than heretofore. Teddy Taylor of that city, and Earl Hudson, Miami's heroic ambulance driver during the big wind, feature one of the bouts on the program.

Frankie Burch, Walk Miller's Atlanta light heavyweight, showed up from under the debris at Hialeah, none the worse for his experience.

Kewpie Tremble of South Chicago, Ind., has arrived and shows splendid press clippings. Hugh Martin will feature Tremble with a suitable opponent at Miami.

The fite bee has again struck Jack McDonald of Miami. This veteran is fast rounding up another stable of chin choppers. He has signed Frankie Armstrong of Canada, a flyweight, and Young Walters, a New York welterweight.

If any members of the boxing fraternity or others have not heard from their friends of the profession since the hurricane, if they will communicate with the writer at 351 North West Third St., Miami, he will consider it a favor to make all inquiries on their behalf and will impart such information as he is able to gather.

NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN MC GRILL

Not much has been going on with the leather pushers in the State the past month, Albert Gossett tried to break in the promoting game but he failed to go through with his scheduled ten-round bout between Frankie Murphy and Harry Fay when the authorities called it off the last minute.

Walk Miller's health farm near Atlanta is the headquarters for the Miller stable. Miller owns a tract of land where his middleweight champion and the other battlers are enjoying their stay until called upon to fulfill engagements one place and another.

Tommy Jones who works out of the Miller stable has been at the farm the past two months recuperating from a nasal operation. Jones is conditioning himself for work in Jacksonville, and other Florida cities where he is a big favorite with the fans.

Larry Avera is scheduled to meet Arturo Shekels, the Belgian star welter in a return match at an early date.

Pinkie May and Tony Leto engaged in their third meeting in a ring in Jacksonville, May getting the edge over Leto. It was their third meeting. They had boxed a draw and Leto had won.

Battling Finch ran into a tartar in the person of Babe McCorgary of New York, when the New Yorker kayoed the promising Savannah lad in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout. While it lasted it was a sensation, Finch flooring the Babe for a nine count in the first round. Finch later journeyed to St. Petersburg, Fla., where he defeated Jean Mangeot, a Frenchman, in ten rounds.

Pete Cole Rome, Ga., lightweight, is doing well of late. He defeated Joe Lewis of New Orleans in ten rounds in Mobile. Later he beat Basil Galiano in a Mobile ring in ten rounds.

Pinkie May scored an easy victory over Joe Burke, Mobile bantam. May kayoed Burke in the third round in Montgomery, Ala.

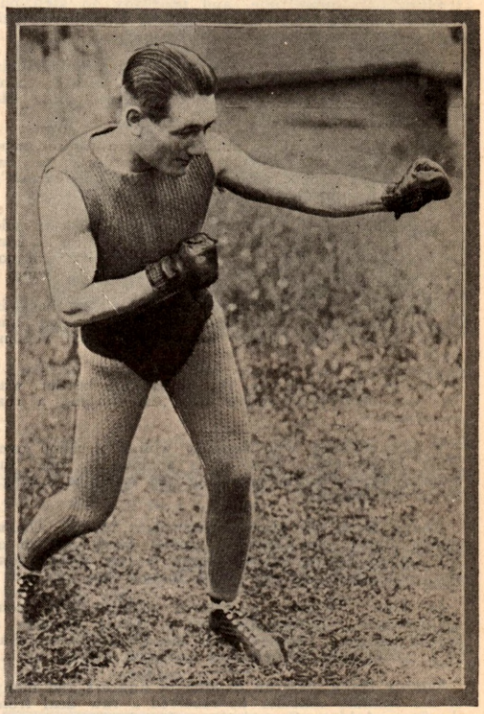
NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENDRICKS, Jr.

The genial Jerry and Jimmy Shea, young in years but veterans in the business of promoting boxing shows, are still pleasing the local fans by bringing in the best talent available to show at their club.

Bennie Gershe, Cleveland southpaw, disposed of Jose Ortez, the Milwaukee Mexican, in quick time here on October 6th. Soon after the start of the first round Gershe whipped over his left to the Mexican's chin and Referee Ollie Pecord counted the dolzful ten.

Ward Sparks of Detroit, clearly outpointed Eddie Bowen of Cleveland, in a hard fought eight-round semi-final. Sparks scored two knockdowns during the fracas. Tommy O'Neil of Cleveland kayoed Al Marchant of England in the second round of a scheduled



Andre Routis, crack French featherweight, who beat Eddie Anderson at Ebbets Field in U. S. debut

six-rounder. K. O. Morgan of Toledo, hit Joe Cutler of Detroit, with everything but the proverbial water bucket in the curtain raiser.

Chet Marleau has a promising set of youngsters under his wing in the person of the Knopp Brothers, namely Art, Harold and Leo. These boys have been doing some good work hereabouts.

Tommy Bunch received what the writer would term a raw deal at Dayton, Ohio, where he recently met Syd Conn. The latter was awarded the decision which was met with disapproval by a big majority of the fans present. The least Bunch should have received was a draw.

Jimmy Carter of Los Angeles won easily from Frankie Eber of Toronto, Can., in the eight-round semi-final. Carter performed cleverly and had Eber bewildered. Art Knopp of Toledo, chased and battered Whitey Stevens of Erie, Pa., all over the ring in another eight-rounder. Lammy Critchley shaded Harold Knopp in the curtain raiser.

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IN PORTLAND, OREGON

By F. K. HASKELL

Forty-five hundred, the largest crowd that ever jammed its way into the local Armory, saw Russel Dockstader of Port Haney, B. C., lose by a technical knockout in the ninth round to Harry Dillon of Winnipeg, Man.

The fight scheduled as a ten-round main event for light heavyweights, was thrilling to its untimely end. Dillon had won all but two rounds by a wide margin, but the battle was in doubt because of the wild but wicked two fisted haymakers Dockstader kept shooting at his cool and game adversary.

Demon Runyan and Kid Obregon, flyweights, opened the bill, Runyon winning a four-round decision.

Harry Hall, Seattle, won a four-round decision from Tiny Hayes, Portland, in another light heavy-weight preliminary.

Omar Wright, 18-year old flash from Yakima, displayed dazzling footwork, clever boxing and a hard punch and beat Harold Reese, Portland, in a four-round decision in a lightweight scrap.

Frankie Grandetta, rejuvenated veteran, was awarded a close and well-earned decision over Billy Robbins, sensational Portland youngster, in a six-round flyweight event.

George Dixon outclassed Bob Jubb in a fast and hard-hitting six-round welter bout.

A new record for gate receipts was established when a total of $8,308.30 was taken in. This eclipses the receipts of the Hellman-Taylor bout in June by a trifle more than $500. About 3,000 fans were turned away. This manifest interest has brought about the discussion of plans for larger quarters to be built early next year.

Battering his opponent into submission before the fourth round was half over with a volley of well-directed lefts and rights to the face, Eddie Roberts of Tacoma scored a knockout victory over Morris Schlaifer, the Omaha welterweight, in the main event of the Portland, Oregon boxing commission card in the Armory here.

Referee Gruman stopped the contest in the fourth to save Schlaifer from more punishment, after Roberts had knocked the game Omahan down twice.

Leslie "Wildcat" Carter the slim waisted, lanky-armed chocolate drop, won a six-round decision over "California" Joe Lynch in the main tangle at the Crystal Pool, Seattle. He not only beat Lynch but added injury to insult by knocking Joe flat on the canvas in the third canto with a punch to the chin.

Results of the preliminaries follow:

Bob Jubb Albina won a four round decision over Bill Gardeau, Portland in the six-round semi-round-up. They fought at 150 pounds. Joe Marcus, Portland took a four-round decision from Lex Johnson Portland, in a four round light weight bout.

Billy Robbins, Portland flyweight got a decision over Demon Runyon, Los Angeles, in a four round fight. Pete Byrnes, Portland, scored an easy four-round decision over Red Mays, Portland, in the curtain raiser.

"Dusty" Miller, a colored lightweight beat Big Bill Cusick in a six-round wrestling and punching bee.

Chuck Hellman's triumphant rush toward the heights of the bantamweight division came to an abrupt halt when he met a master boxer in the person of Georgie Marks, who stopped the Portland midget in a ten round decision bout.

Eddie Richards floored Jimmy Lyall with a right hook that had the victim writhing in agony in a preliminary bout. Lyall's seconds threw in the towel in the third round.

In the curtain raiser Young Denny, Filipino received a four round decision over Billy Robbins, Portland. These fought at 120 pounds.

Damon Runyon, Portland, kayoed Perfecto Garcia, Filipino, in the fourth round of the next preliminary. This was a flyweight scrap.

Billy Robbins got a hard-earned decision over Kid Obregon, another tough Philippine islander, in a second flyweight event, and Young Villa of Luzon, fought Bobby Clarke of Portland to a draw in the bantamweight bout.

IN MINNESOTA

By MURRAY McLEAN

At the last show held in Eau Claire, Wis., Dago Joe Gans, St. Paul middleweight, shaded Billy Besh of Milwaukee.

Mickey Andert of St. Paul, George Temple's featherweight, stopped Nick Olivia of Albert Lea in the seventh round of what was to be an eight-round bout. Andert is a fine looking prospect.

Kid Silk, St. Paul Polish flyweight, won over Jack O'Shea of Minneapolis in another bout. Silk is the perpetual motion kid, tough as they make them and a good puncher. Eau Claire fans like him.

Nick Lombardo, now Foxie Allen, is getting off to a good start this season. He stopped Cy Jeffries in four rounds and put up hurricane battles with Jackie Cameron and Richie Mack. Foxie may not be any too clever but he makes up for his lack of cleverness by his aggressiveness and his heavy hitting.

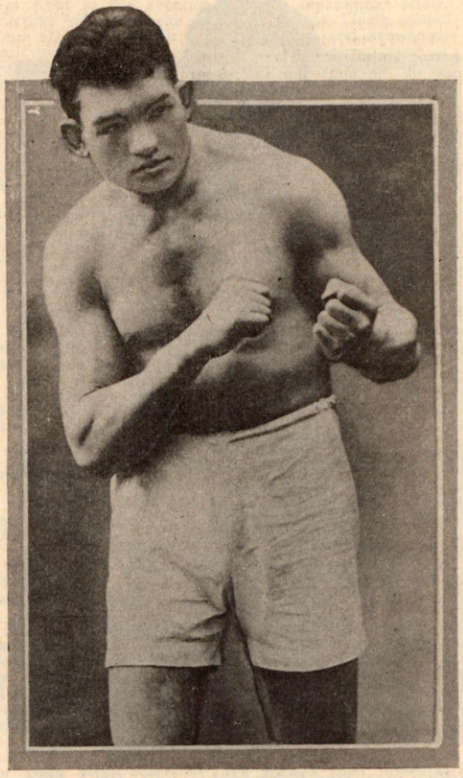
Bud Taylor won over Vic Burrone at the last St. Paul show held October 22. Taylor won but the fans would just as soon see Burrone back here as Taylor for Vic sure gave the Chicago blond a real battle.

Burrone and Pete Sarmiento or Carl Tremaine would be good matches for the St. Paul club to consider.

Soldier King of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Frank Muskie of St. Paul, light heavyweights fought a draw in the ten-round semi to the Burrone-Taylor scrap. It was Muskie's first appearance in his home town in over a year.

Duke Horn of Minneapolis, a heavyweight, won over Jack Clifford in a six-rounder. Horn is young and green and Clifford is old and experienced but Horn kept hitting first and that is the reason that he won.

In the best fight of the program aside from the main event, Billy Light, fast rising St. Paul lightweight, beat Joey Fliegel of Minneapolis. Light showed both cleverness and a punch and deserving of more work in the twin cities.



Franz Diener, German Heavyweight Champion, now in U. S.

Jack Marke surprised the rail birds by shading Jackie Cameron in a four-rounder.

Nick Lombardo lost by a shade to Richie Mack of Minneapolis in the opener. Lombardo was the aggressor and hit the hardest but was outboxed by the lad from the Mill City.

Al Van Ryan, St. Paul welterweight, got off to a good start in Chicago by beating Jimmy Finley of Louisville.

Johnny O'Donnell, of St. Paul, and one of the best lightweights in the business who beat Ray Miller in St. Paul and knocked out Sammy Leonard in Minneapolis.

The Minneapolis Boxing Club has changed hands again. Mike Collins has purchased Billy B. Hoke's interest in the club and will be the future matchmaker and manager. Jim McCarthy will retain his half interest. Collins who has handled such fighters as Fred Fulton, Mike Gibbons, Stewart McLean, Earl Blue, Harry La Barre, Johnny O'Donnell and Jimmie Delaney has been in the boxing business for years and needless to say he knows his stuff.

He formerly ran a club at Hudson, Wis., and at one time was the sole owner of the Minneapolis club. Mike plans on running more shows than Minneapolis has enjoyed in the past and as Mike has lots of nerve and believes in taking a chance he is sure to make money.

Mike Mandell, a crack lightheavyweight of the Saintly City is back in harness. He wants the world to know he is looking for fights.

Artie Sheire, veteran St. Paul bantamweight, who has met all of the good ones in this neck of the woods, is back in the running again. He wants matches with anybody up to 122 pounds. Artie has met Ray Miller, Sailor Larson, Benny Ray, Vic Foley, Joey Clein, Freddie Dunn and many other very well known maulers and he is a socker to be reckoned with.

Wildcat Eddie Mason has a mess of boils and will be laid up for a few weeks. The wildcat is a real wildcat when it comes to pleasing the cash customers.

Frank Kral, wild man of Milwaukee, wants to meet Jack McCann, or Frank Muskie in the twin cities. Kral is a fighter if there ever was one and twin city promoters would do well to use him.

Billy Light reports that he has matches booked with Young Ratzlaff at Minot, Ed Adamson at Green Bay and Eddie Boheme at Oshkosh. He will most likely meet Fiegel at Minneapolis in a return bout.

Vic Walters has returned from Milwaukee where he has spent the past six months and is looking for work with the lightweights.

IN IOWA RINGS

By BOB WAGNER

Glen Lage, middlewest welterweight champion, won an easy eight round decision over Frank Guzman of Omaha at Des Moines, Ia.

Lou Morgans has been secured by the American Legion and will make the matches for the Des Moines post. Morgan has signed Stribling for a bout this month.

Young Stribling knocked out Lou Rollinger, Waterloo schoolboy in three rounds at Waterloo, Ia.

Morris Cohen, matchmaker for the American Legion at Waterloo, is trying to sign Ace Hudkins for a bout with Roscoe Hall of Des Moines.

Lefty Mays won over Irish Kennedy of St. Paul in eight rounds at Des Moines, Ia.

Harry Soo Quong Bill, Des Moines flyweight and Jimmy Sayers of Chicago boxed eight fast rounds to a draw at Mason City, Ia.

Jimmy Dundee, of Williamson, Ia., beat Carl Scales, local Negro welterweight, in six rounds at Des Moines, Ia.

Glen Lage, middleweight welterweight champion won every round in his eight round bout with Babe DeCorsey of St. Paul at Des Moines, Ia.

One of the finest clubs in the middlewest has just been opened at Des Moines. It has been named the Johnson Athletic Club. Fights are held every Thursday night and all local boxers go through their training strides there daily.

Jimmy Ryan, local junior welterweight, won over Merle Douglas at Albia, Iowa in eight rounds.

Lefty Mays knocked out Joe Yanger at Mason City, Ia., in five rounds. Both are welterweights from Des Moines.

Pinkey George, Iowa flyweight champion won over Harry Soo Quong Bill of Des Moines, Ia., in ten rounds at St. Joseph, Mo.

Billy Showers of Chicago and Glen Lage middlewest welterweight champion boxed ten fast rounds to a draw at Peoria, Ill.

Alex Fidler popular middlewest referee is being kept busy. Promoters in the middlewest are all after his services. His work as third man in the ring is hard to beat.

Ham Schilling has signed for his welterweight Johnny Nichols of St. Paul to box Glen Lage middlewest welterweight champion at Cedar Rapids this month.

Tommy Ryan former local promoter is now making the matches for the Peoria Base Ball Fans Association, a tPeoria, Ill.

Glen Lage, welterweight, Roscoe Hall, lightweight, Harold Plude, featherweight, Pinkey George, flyweight local boxers, are all climbing to the top and are considered the best in this part of the country. Promoters are always after their services.

HEARD IN SEATTLE

Solly Seeman is here. Ike Dorgan's crack lightweight made a big hit when he polished off Larry Murphy of Los Angeles. Solly is well liked here and should go over big as the fans like his style.

The two shots with Lomski and Malone at the Ball park which were held under Nate Druxmen's auspices broke all records in Seattle.

If there are any good boys back in New York or other parts of the East who are figuring on hitting this way, they should get in touch with me. Nate Druxman, boxng promoter of 1425½ Fifth Avenue, Seattle, Wash. There is plenty of work here for them.

FLORIDA WEST COAST NEWS

By THE RINGSIDER

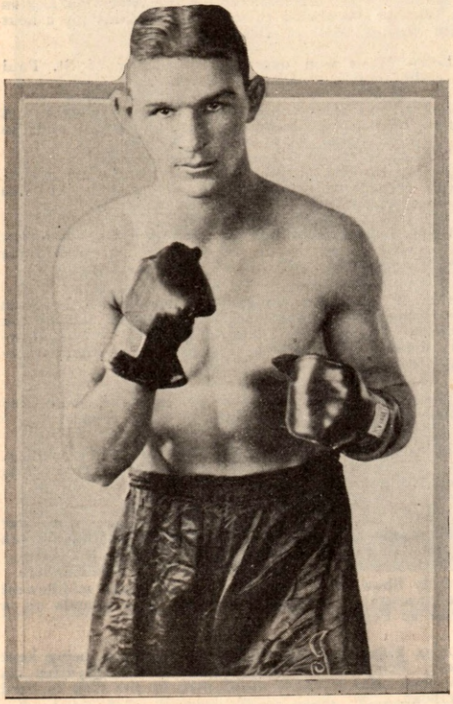
The Shekels Brothers, Arturo and Armanda, the former a welter and the latter a lightweight, are enjoying the greatest glory of the fistic fans on the West coast of the State. Both battlers are very clever performers and capable of holding their own with some of the best American battlers that Jim Downing, Tampa promoter has been able to bring down for them.

Armanda Shekels, who is only 18 years old, was pitted against the highly touted Sammy Vogel of New York, and while the easterner carried off the honors in the battle, the little foreigner put up a great and stubborn fight against Vogel. The bout was one of the best ever seen in the Benjamin Field Arena, if not the best.

Julian Jim Moran, the Spanish welterweight, is another battler who is capable of slinging a pair of fists. Moran won an easy victory over Jack Rapaport of New Jersey, Luis Parga, Havana promoter, is in charge of the Shekel brothers and Moran, and he is keeping his entire stable busy on the west coast.

Young Manuel, the Tampa southpaw lightweight, is keeping busy mingling with the boys around here. His latest feat was give the fans a surprise by kayoing Dativo Fuentas, the Cuban featherweight in six rounds later taking on Aramis Del Pino and carried off the referees verdict. Manuel also stopped Otis Hurst in 8 rounds and defeated Billie Draako, German 136 pounder, in ten rounds.

Doctor Rex Myers who guides the fistic affairs of Manuel is now ready to match his protege with the best of them, and the Doc usually backs his battler with the long green.



Jack Griff, of New Orleans, accounted to be one of the best featherweights turned out of the Crescent City in years.

Jack Dennissey who is now making his home in St. Petersburg, Fla., sprang somewhat of a surprise when he decisively trounced Julian Moran, the Spanish welter. Dennessey is now being handled by Joe Kid Peck who also is doing quite a bit of leather pushing on the east coast.

Julian Moran defeated Barney Adair in ten rounds, later scoring a technical knockout over Tut Seymor of Mobile in the fifth round.

Following are results of recent bouts held around these parts. Young Lewis stopped Major Lassard 3 rounds. Armando Shekels stopped Ted Kid Nelson in six rounds. Benny Ray and Young Lewis draw 10 rounds. Bud Seymor win over Gus Reys ten rounds. Tim O'Dowd won over Chick Miller 10 rounds. Tut Seymor and Jack Dennessey draw ten rounds. Pete Revere and Young Dempsey draw ten rounds. Young Lewis defeated Aramis Del Pino ten rounds. Johnny Moore defeated Garner Johns in ten rounds. Shekels defeated Kid Peck 10 rounds.

Tony Leto, claimant of the Southern bantam title, is undergoing a series of training that will eventually get him to the top, the little Italian is a clever performer and should, with a little more ring experience make a name for himself. Leto is only 18 years old.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

Things are not going as expected in the Motor City. The only two shows running are the N. S. C. of which Norm Andries is making matches, the other is the Fairview A. C. However, both are of the smaller kind, the larger ones have yet to go.

Windsor across the river, is running a big shot once in a while. The last show was more or less a success in the main bout Carl Tremaine met Ward Sparks, with Carl winning.

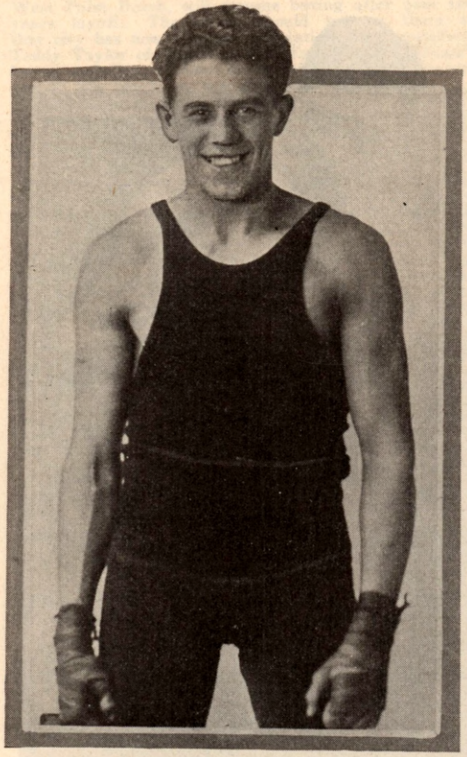
In the semi-final Johnny Webber whipped Micky O'Neill of Cleveland. The victory of Webber proved a big surprise.

Another surprise came when Al Myers took the decision from Walter Grayjack.

Len Darcy, beat Johnny Willets at Windsor. Darcy made quick work of his opponent putting him to sleep in four rounds.

The semi-windup on this card was a very good fight. Willie Devaney of Scotland took down the decision over Tommy Meeking of Windsor.

Matchmaker Knight is anticipating a strong card for



Billy Light, star lightweight of St. Paul, Minn. Light is making rapid strides.

the next show. He is going to dig down and bring together Lee Hardy and George Ledoux. This should be a great fight as both boys have enviable reputations.

Leon Flores, local featherweight is coming to the front. He stopped Doug Gray here, Gray comes with a very good reputation but found Leon a very hard nut to crack.

Bob Sage, Detroit's fighting lawyer, is on his feet again after breaking an ankle. Bob is a very likable fellow and was missed around the gym.

John Mellow, Detroit lightweight, made a wonderful comeback when he beat Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute.

Things are beginning to look much brighter in Detroit. Fairview is now running in full swing; the last show was a great success, the main bout bringing together two very good feather weights, Curley Wilshur, champion of Canada, and Al Myers of Detroit. It ended with Myers winning the popular decision.

Johnny Weber, junior lightweight of Detroit, is going like a house afire. In his last bout he won from Chuck Feldman in Toledo.

Joe Moore, local middleweight, is one of the best prospects seen here. He is a good puncher.

Lee Hardy is in training again.

Max Handler, formerly of Newark, has a few boys here. Among them are Bobby Swartz, Joe Burman and Jimmy Roscoe a promising middleweight. Max wishes to be remembered to all the boys in the old home town.

Leon Flores, local bantam, is keeping up his winning streak. He beat Joey Kasper to sleep in three rounds.

Norm Andreis, local matchmaker, is going to open his show very shortly at the Moose Temple.

Jack "Palooki" Fielding has a string of very good boys. Among them are Al Myers, Al Marchant, Leon Flores, and Frenchy Ledoux.

Dave Knight, local manager, has posted a forfeit to meet any boy in the world for his protege Johnny Webber.

Len Darcy made another good fight when he defeated, Geo. Webster. This is his third win since he suffered a broken hand when he met the tough Bryan Downey.

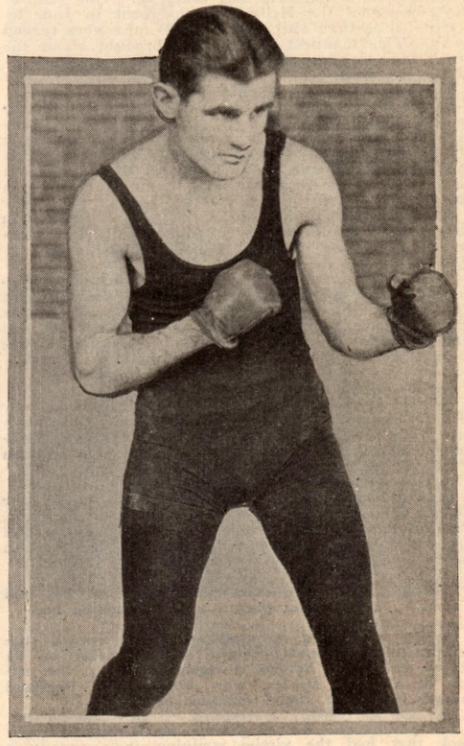
Ward "Kid" Sparks of Terre Haunte is making his home in Detroit. He beat Eddie Bowen, in Toledo, recently.

Harry Tuthill wishes to extend all out of town fighters a welcome to his wonderfully equipped Gym which is located on the fifth floor of the Colonial Building, 113 State St.

Pete Firpo, Mike McNulty's crack little bantam is again in training.

Slim McCleand has been chosen as third man in the ring for the Moose Club. This is very good news to all concerned as Slim is liked by everybody.

In Windsor, across the river, Plairfair Brown has



Roscoe Hall, Des Moines, Iowa, lightweight, who is a stablemate of Ace Hudkins, and is prospering in his division.

opened his club house. In his last show Jackie Johnston, Toronto, beat Phil O'Dowd, Columbus in 10 rounds. In the semi-final Frenchie Belanger, Toronto, beat Whity Morrette, Columbus, 8 rounds.

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FROM BUFFALO

By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, local bantam, won his bout from Johnny Brown, the British champion, at the Velodrome club's show here getting the award over the Englishman on a foul in the seventh round, after the referee, Chuck O'Connor, has thrice warned Brown for rough work.

Ryan was an easy winner up until the time of the foul and would have scored a rousing victory, beyond a doubt.

Ryan is now booked to box Nate Carp in Baltimore on Nov. 15 and has other matches in the making for Buffalo and Chicago.

Ryan is now open for all comers at 118 to 120 pounds.

Ryan has defeated Chick Suggs, Bushey Graham, Young Montreal, Carl Tremaine, Bud Taylor, Andy Martin, Eddie O'Dowd, and others of reputation.

Tommy won the referee's decision over Chick Suggs in Fall River, Mass., and then boxed Suggs at Providence to a 12 round draw. All the papers gave this fight to Ryan.

He won on a foul from Bushey Graham in Buffalo and beat Carl Tremaine in Akron. He also boxed a draw with Eddie Shea, crack Chicago featherweight.

On the same card with Ryan-Brown Freddie Mueller lightweight, one of the most promising young boxers developed here in years, stopped Ray Romney of Niagara Falls in seven rounds.

A week later Mueller knocked out Paris Gangey of New Castle, Pa., at Rochester in eight rounds.

Jimmy Slattery had easy going with Martin O'Grady at the Queensberry club's fistic carnival. O'Grady was no opposition for Slattery and the First Ward lad flattened him in a round and a half. The week before Slattery was given a technical knockout over Tommy Burns of Cleveland, although Burns was not knocked down or helpless. He was thoroughly outclassed all the way.

Tommy Loughran, Young Stribling or Art Weigand, another local light-heavy, would be stiffer opposition for Slats. He will probably box one of this trio before long.

Art Weigand is very anxious to box Slattery. While Jimmy has been winning a number of fights lately he has not been boxing good men. Weigand on the other hand has had to meet Ted Moore, Harry Greb, Mike McTigue and Jock Malone.

A Weigand-Slattery match would draw $30,000 at the Broadway auditorium.

Rocky Kansas and Jimmy Goodrich, both Buffalo boys and former lightweight champions, are not doing much boxing. Kansas is practically on the retired list, although it is said he may don the gloves again. He is a wealthy man and doesn't have to worry.

Jimmy Goodrich lost a decision to Baby Joe Gans in Chicago, his last fight, and was knocked down for a count of eight.

Goodrich is in training agan and hopes to do considerable battling before the end of the Winter season.

Frankie Schoell walked off with a clean cut win over Larry Estridge in the ten round semi-final bout on the Slattery-O'Grady card. Schoell was far too classy for the New York Negro.

Jock Malone and Schoell were to have boxed for the Velodrome club but Jock busted a hand at Canton, O. and called off the scrap.

Buffalo fans were strong for Jack Dempsey and haven't got over his stunning defeat yet. They all thought Jack, the giant killer was unbeatable.

The writer saw Gene Tunney in Cleveland the night of the Tommy Freeman-Jack Zivic bout Oct. 25. The champion was introduced and got a tremendous hand.

Matt Hinkle, the Cleveland sportsman, who staged the Zivic-Freeman affair pulled off the show in the customary high class style that characterizes all the Hinkle shows. The matches were good ones and a huge crowd turned out.

Lou Bloom, Columbus, and Phil Zwick, of Cleveland, two young junior featherweights, fought a wonderful eight round bout for the semi-final. They got a big hand.

Looks like a great season for all the clubs in Western New York. Buffalo's two clubs the Queensberry and the Velodrome are both drawing big. Sam Weidrick's Genesee Valley club in Rochester is also pulling large gates and down in Jamestown Jack McDonald and Lou Burke have a fine little club in the Coliseum there.

HAROLD SMITH
Western Bantam Sensation
SOLLY SEAMAN
Crack Lightweight
Under direction of
J. L. (Ike) DORGAN
MADISON SQ. GARDEN
8th Ave. and 51st St., New York City

MONTREAL FISTICUFFS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

The boxing season opened with one of the best shows ever seen here when the featherweight elimination tournament was started at the Forum on Sept. 15 to produce an opponent worthy of a titular bout with Leo "Kid" Roy, the Canadian Featherweight Champion. The tournament is the first of its kind ever held in Canada and deserved much better support than the measly 1,800 spectators.

Eight boxers participated including Sylvio Mireault, Raymond Lirzin and Mickey McGowan, of Montreal; Vic Foley, Vancouver; Curly Wilshur and Bobby Booth, Toronto; Ralph McNaughton, Quebec; and Percy Dubois, Ottawa.

The four bouts produced some clever milling and terminated in three knockouts and one decision. In the first bout of the evening, Bobby Booth outpointed shifty Curly Wilshur. The pace was fast throughout the ten rounds and Booth, scoring repeatedly with his left jab, earned the "duke."

Vic Foley, former Canadian bantamweight champion, boxed under wraps for five rounds, and after administering some terrific body punishment in the sixth, kayoed Percy Dubois in the seventh with a neat left hook to the jaw.

Sylvio Mireault and Raymond Lirzin provided the best fight of the evening in their sensational affair. Starting off fast in the first two rounds, Lirzin scored point after point with a neat left jab and occasional right cross to the jaw. But cautious Sylvio Mireault grabbed his chance when Lirzin got careless in the third and hooked him to the canvas. But Lirzin got up only to be floored again.

Mireault galloped across the ring in the fourth and clouted Lirzin on the jaw. Lirzin's already wobbly knees buckled some more and a second wallop sent him down. How he lasted that round is a mystery to everybody who saw it, even Lirzin himself.

In the fifth he hung on and jabbed Mireault's face and was strong at the beginning of the sixth. During this and the next round he out-boxed his man, jabbing him with his left but never opening up with his right. In the eighth he chased Mireault around the ring, jabbing so hard that Mireault covered up. Finally Lirzin was knocked out.

Micky McGowan scored his first knockout since joining the pros when he whipped Ralph McNaughton, rangy Quebec scrapper, in eight rounds.

The crowd went home satisfied that they had received their money's worth of entertainment. Kid Roy was an interested ringsider.

The semi-finals drew 4,800 fans. It was another successful show.

In the first preliminary Jimmy Britt's superior experience and generalship gave him the edge over "Ace" Hogan in a fast six-rounder.

Harry Hill's cleverness brought roars of applause when he beat Harry Goldstein in a very interesting bout.

Mickey McGowan and Vic Foley were the next to enter the ring. McGowan started well but weakened under the continuous body punishment handed out by Foley. In the eighth Foley opened a cut over McGowan's eye and when the bout was over Mickey was covered with his own blood. Foley won the decision.

In the last bout of the evening Bobby Booth jabbed for point after point for five rounds then retreated with undue haste before Mireault's slashing attack for the next five. The decision in Mireault's favor was a popular one.

The night of the final 6,000 enthusiastic fans were on hand. In the first preliminary, Jimmy Britt easily out-pointed Elmer Watt, Toronto, in six rounds.

George Fifield of Toronto, Canadian welterweight champion, knocked out Charlie Hahn, New York, in the eighth frame. Fifield's heavy hitting wore down Hahn who stuck on gamely until his legs gave way.

Frenchy Belanger scored a sensational victory over Wee Willie Woods. The flyweights gave a good exhibition of science and slugging with Frenchy the cleverer.

In the feature bout, the final of the tournament, Vic Foley won five rounds, Mireault three, and two were even, giving Foley the verdict and the right to meet Kid Roy for the title.

The Titular bout on Oct. 20, drew 8,000 or more fans to the Forum. Art Roger, former amateur 118 Provincial Champion, celebrated his pro debut by winning the "duke" in his four rounds with Battling Sanderelli. Then Raymond Lirzin, after being floored in the third, came back and won in the fifth by a K. O. over Battling Chicko, New York.

George Sidders, amateur 135 and 147 pound Dominion Champion, won his way into the fans' hearts with his classy display against George Chabot. Although losing the verdict, Siddlers got the greater ovation.

Frenchy Belanger and Harry Goldstein battled eight sensational rounds to a draw. They are flyweights.

Kid Roy was lucky to retain his title by holding Vic Foley to a draw.

In one of the finest fights ever seen here, Kid Roy outpointed Vic Foley in twelve, sizzling rounds.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

Georgie Fifield, boss of Canadian welterweights, added a couple of more scalps to his credit. At St. John, Fifield, lulled Humbert Brady to sleep in five sessions, and then came back to Toronto, and clashed with Pedro Gomez, a colored son of Cuba. Gomez took a terrific walloping for two rounds, and in the third, Fifield whisked over a wicked right to the dusky boys chin, and it was "Bye bye blackbird."

Tommy Mitchell, now claimant of the Canadian lightweight crown, is in strict training. Tommy is a fast, clever, two-fisted ringster.

Vic Foley, and Jackie Johnstone fought for ten rounds for the Canadian bantamweight title. The Ontario Boxing Commission had previously ruled Bobby Eber, the champion, out, because he refused to defend his title on a percentage basis. Foley and Johnstone, battled ten hectic rounds to a draw, but Johnstone claimed the title, as Foley weighed 120 pounds at the weighing-in. However, Jackie will have to beat Bobby before he can get any international recognition.

Frenchy Bellanger, aggressive Toronto flyweight, took a trip to Windsor, and outpunched Whitey Moret in 10 rounds. Preceding this battle, the little French-Canadian, went over to Erie, Pa., where he outpunched, and outfought, Hugh Manson of Homested. Bellanger dropped Manson several times in the earlier rounds, and then brought him to the canvas in the tenth and final number.

Curley Wilshur gave Al Meyers of Detroit a boxing lesson over ten rounds.

The Ontarion Athletic Commission has sent out notices that they are prepared to receive applications for permits to conduct boxing shows, for 1927. Boxers, and managers can be kept in close touch with boxing activities in Canada by addressing the writer at the St. Charles Hotel, Toronto.

Wee Willie Morrisey, and big-hearted Tom Flanagan, will continue to do business as usual at the St. Charles Hotel. Willie had to devote a lot of valuable time to the boxing game this last 12 months, but now that he has discontinued with the promoting end, he will have more time to assist in the hotel business.

Frankie Bull, former Canadian lightweight champion, has hung up the gloves. Frank has gone into business.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

By PATSY DONOVAN

Eddie Buell, the most popular fighter to appear in Washington this Summer was the victim of a raw decision in his 12 round go with Eddie Lenord of Baltimore here. Buell led practically all the way and appeared to have an edge at the final bell. The judges voted for Lenord and the referee for Buell.

Young Dencio received a surprise at Annapolis recently when he was defeated by Johnnie Myers. Dencio has licked Myers several times and looked like a sure thing to repeat. The bout was even for six rounds, then Myers came to the front and easily earned the decision in 10 rounds. Kid Woodie lost to Gillie Denis in six rounds. Eddie Desiom was beat by George Leslie, Jack Skinner and Joe Cazza drew.

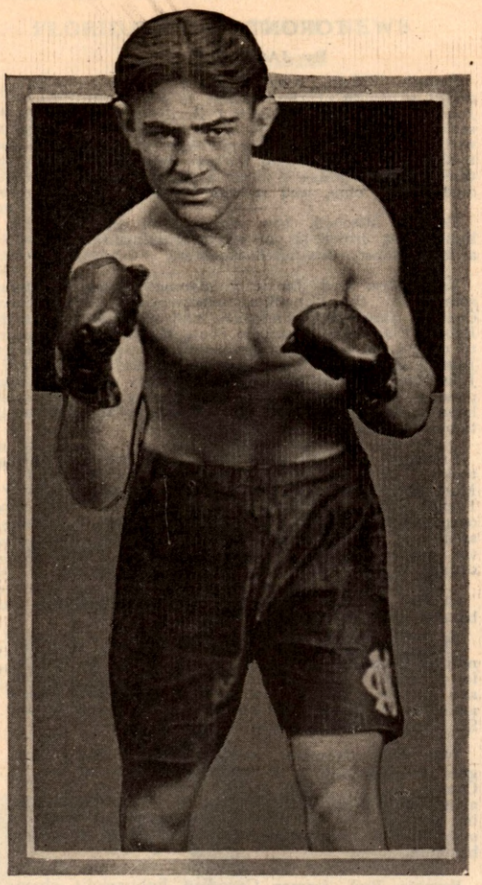
Ray Mitchell subbing for Billy Drako lost a close decision to Hugh Sweeney the fighting Marine. Just why Sweeney received the decision is stil a mystery unless the judges gave it to him on his aggressive tactics. Mitchell was by far the better boxer. Sweeney took everything Mitchell had and was coming strong at the finish. This Sweeney will be a real fighter if not over matched, just at present. Young Dencio beat Willie Woods in 10 rounds. George Leslie again had a shade on Eddie DeSimon in six rounds.

Eddie Buell won as he pleased over Joe Coranza in a feature eight rounder at Beaver Dam. Buell looked like he let up on his dark skinned opponent, but maybe to save his hands for future bouts. Terry O'Day won as he pleased from Fripo McGinis. Terry pasted Mr. McGinis a plenty but McGinis just thrived on a pasting and at the final bell was still coming back for more. Joe Black beat Joe Augnaldo in four rounds.

Jack Turner won over Andrew Weiss in a feature 12 rounder. Although the judges disagreed as to the winner Jack was easily a winner in the writer's opinion. He was far too clever for his German opponent. Walt McFeeley knocked out Dewey Adams in 2 rounds. Paul Healey knocked out Johnnie Coranzo in less than one minute. Frankie DeAngelo won over Kid Jap in four rounds and Nick Rapoli knocked out Billy Edwards in four rounds.

Eddie Buell and Terry O'Day boxed six fast rounds at the Indian Spring Club. O'Day surprised many of the local fans by holding the fast stepping Buell on even terms. Eddie DeSimon won over Joe Perone. Joe Blaek won from Joe Filla. Paul Healey bested Joe Piscatella, and Frankie DeAngelo easily beat Larry Goldberg.

Texas Stovall and Willie Ptomey boxed a fast eight round draw at the Manor Club. This one was very fast with both boys trying all the way. Frank Englert beat Larry Goldberg. Joe Black and Manny Brooks boxed a draw in the opener.



Marty Gold, good featherweight boxer from Philadelphia.

BITS FROM SYRACUSE

By GEO. E. SCHARFF

The Arena A. C. has been taken over by Billy Ames, who has piloted such boys as Frank Moody, Willie Woods, and many other good boys.

Frankie Tropia, Syracuse Flash, went down to New York and handed Mickey Durano, of New York a terrific lacing.

Jackie Brady, lightweight champion of Central New York is running in hard luck. It seems every time Brady is matched his opponent runs out of the match.

The opening show of the Arena A. C. played to a capacity house.

In the main event Johnny Haystack, of Binghamton was awarded the decision over Caveman Fisher, of Syracuse in 6 rounds.

In the semi-final, Lew Scozza, Buffalo, stopped Tommy Pivac, St. Louis, in the fourth round of a 10 round bout.

Bucky Lawless, of Auburn, beat Kid Savage of Syracuse in 6 rounds.

Dorey Shimar, of Wilkesbarre, handed a nice lacing to Kid Blair, of Utica, in the second preliminary.

Bobby Dean, of Ogdensburg and Patsy Russo, of Syracuse, opened the show and boxed a four round draw.

Ralph Brady, former boxer who now operates a gymnasium here just returned from Europe where he spent a month with relatives in Roumania.

All out of town boers desiring work in and around Syracuse get in touch with Ralph Brady, 708 No. Salina St.

Jackie Brady, Syracuse lightweight is leaving for New York shortly to join his manager, Charlie Celli, who has several bouts in the big city signed up.

Billy Ames, matchmaker of the Arena is trying to induce George Courtney to meet Johnny Haystack, for his next big card.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Johnny DeMarco, of Atlantic City and Babe Ruth of Philadelphia battled to a draw in the ten round windup of a show staged at Reading last month. Joe Wilton, of Philadelphia, K. O.'ed Babe Wallace of Philadelphia in the second round.

Stanley Farren of Philadelphia stopped Herman Janicke of Reading in the second round.

Mickey Chapin, of Scranton won the judges' decision over Eddie (Kid) Wagner, of Philadelphia in a ten round fuss at Harrisburg.

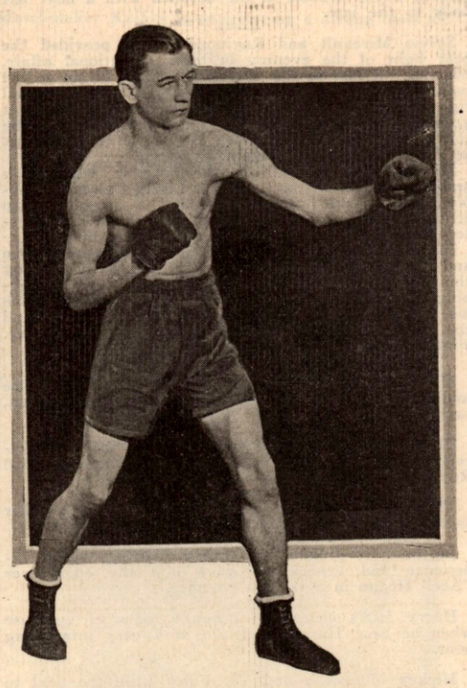
"Irish" Jimmy Monroe, of Hazelton lost to Frankie Fink, New York lightweight, in a ten rounder at the Arena, Philadelphia, Oct 18th.

Jeff Stevenson, of Harrisburg, and Jerry Hayes, of Philadelphia were chased from the ring at Norristown last month, Stevenson was fined $50 by the Boxing Commission for his part.

Bobby Burke, 114 pounder of Reading, dropped the judges' decision to Emil Paluso, of New York in a ten round bout at Reading. Emil tipped the beam at 118 pounds. Battling Willard, of Lancaster, stopped George Dewey, of Reading, in the second round in the semi-final, a terrific right to the jaw finished the colored boy.

Newsboy Paulson, of Reading, won from Jack Dundee of Philadelphia in another eight round fuss in the former's home town. Paulson has been going good of late.

Dick (Johnny) Curtin, Lebanon's flashy lightweight gave Mickey McCann, of Harrisburg, a lacing in a four round fight at Harrisburg. Curtin is going like a



Johnny Jadich, one of Philadelphia's featherweights.

house afire, and is open to meet any boy in his class. Dick never fails to please, and should be given a chance by some of the promoters in the nearby cities, Dick fears none of them.

Buck Aston, Lancaster veteran lightheavyweight, is battling in the South at the present time. Last month Buck lost to Young Stribling in the ninth round.

Tommy Cooney, of Philadelphia, copped the decision of the judges over Frankie Hayes, of Philadelphia, at Harrisburg, in a ten frame fight.

In the semi-final, Andy Tomasky, of McKeesport, won from Jack Reno, of Philadelphia, in eight rounds.

Ralph Repman, of York Haven and Young Chapman, of Atlantic City, battled to a draw in another eight rounder.

Erwin Bige, of California, and Tommy Cooney, of Atlantic City, fought an eight round draw in the windup of the Keystone Boxing Club, at Reading. In the semi-final Joe Kuhns, of Reading received the judges decision over Ray Gibbons, also of Reading, after eight fast rounds.

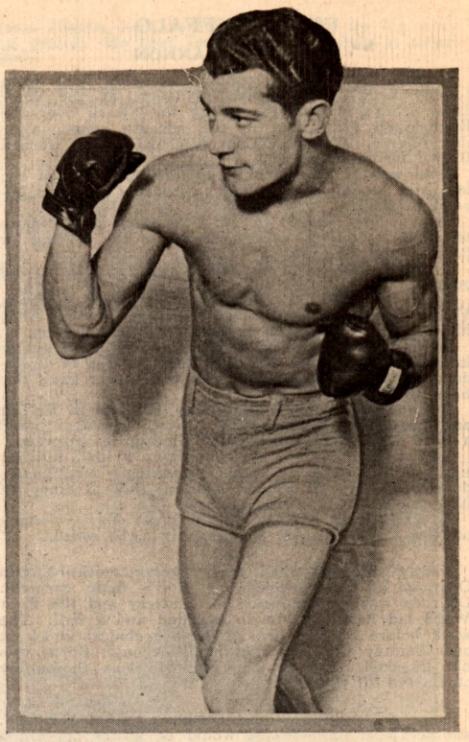
Jimmy McAllister, Reading's K. O. artist scored a knockout over "Wild Jack" Fleming, of Philadelphia, when the referee stopped the fight in the seventh round to save Fleming from further punishment. Terrance Barry O'Moore, of Philadelphia knocked out Stanley Lis of New York, in the second round of a scheduled eight round fuss.

Kid McCoy, of Reading, stopped Jimmy O'Neil, of Reading, in the second round, while Kid Hannah and Skip Maderia, both of Reading, fought to an even break in the four round curtain raiser.

IN WESTERN PENNA

By JULES D. BECK

The fall Lid lifter at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, featured Maxie Rosenbloom and Johnny Wilson, former champion middle weight. The card was against the policy of matchmaker McGarvey, featuring two total strangers regardless of their standing.



Al Foreman, featherweight champion of Army, Navy and Marines.

The fans around here usually turn out when there is something at stake between a good local and a top notch stranger. Rosenbloom had things his own way and carried every one of the 10 rounds.

The balance of the card was rounded out by three good preliminaries featuring Red Mason's newest protege, Kid Carpentier and Young Rudy in the eight-round semi-final. It was a slam long bout from gong to gong with Rudy receiving the decision.

Davey Adelman, Philadelphia, and Willie Davies from Charleroi, flyweights, put up a hectic 10-round battle at McKeesport, on October 7. There seems to be quite a dispute between these two mites just who is Pennsylvania's best. Adelman and Davies have now met four times and neither has scored a decisive win. In order to determine who is who among the two, another meeting between the pair is the only solution and the winner of this bout is assured a title battle with champion La Barba at Philadelphia in a very near future.

The semi-final to the Davies-Adelman setto featured Dr. X. Eney and Young Piazza, Mt. Washington welterweight. This bout was full of action throughout and had the fans in the uproar with their rip tearing wallops which carried both to a dead heat.

The second bout on the card was Frank Miller, McKeesport and Gene Baker from Johnstown, light heavyweights. Baker carried entirely too much steam behind his wallops and scored an impressive knockout over Miller in the 5th round.

Nick Perlick, the big "Croat" from Clairton who is guided by his Pal, Dugey O'Hara from McKeesport, has reconsidered and just about made up his mind to start out where he left off last season. Perlick has had about 10 professional fights and from all appearances looked to be a likely contender for heavyweight crown. But all of a sudden Nick called it quits until now, he is in strict training and intends to tangle with the leading heavies that promoters will book him with shortly. Perlick is a colorful fighter and has a host of friends that always pay to see him in action.

We note that Tommy Ryan is always referred to as "McKeesport Bantam." Let us correct that "Tommy Ryan" was born, reared, and raised in Duquesne and Duquesne always was his home. Tommy's folks still live here.

Although Ryan gets little or no work at all around his home district, which is only 10 miles out of Pittsburgh and a good fight centre. But it seems Ryan never shows to the best advantage when brought home to meet someone. Yet, Tommy has fought and defeated the very cream of the Bantam stock and is a serious contender for Phil Rosenberg's crown.

Cuddy DeMarco, McKeesport lightweight, knocked out Ray Romney, Niagara Falls, in the fourth round of the scheduled ten-round main event at Erie, Pa. It was Cuddy's second Kayo triumph over the Niagara Falls Argentine battler.

James "Red" Mason has applied for a New York State license for his newly acquired Featherweight U. S. Carpentier. Mason is eager to show "U. S." before the fistic populace of the big city.

In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Q.—Who won the Weinert-Firpo fight?

A.—They clashed twice. Firpo scored knockout in first and Weinert beat him in the second.

Bud Harrington, Eau Claire, Wis.

Q.—(1) Did Joe Gans and Benny Leonard ever fight? (2) Could Jack Johnson have beaten Jeffries when the latter was in his prime? (3) Could Tom Gibbons beat Gene Tunney?

A.—(1) No. (2) Yes. (3) Tunney knocked him out a year ago.

Frank Bonfield, New York City.

Q.—What is your opinion of the two bouts between Bushey Graham and Dominick Petrone up to the time that Petrone dislocated his shoulder in both contests?

A.—Graham was winning. Petrone was waging uphill battle.

Harry Robin, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) Who would win between Tod Morgan and Tommy Herman? (2) What are Phil (K.O.) Kaplan's chances of winning the middleweight championship? (3) What is the nationality of trainer Hayes?

A.—(1) Morgan. (2) Very good. (3) Never heard of him.

Kid Asnas, New York City.

Q.—1) I am sixteen years old, weigh 105 pounds, five feet tall. Will I be able to fixht next year in the amateurs as a flyweight? (2) Who would win in the following bouts: Charlie Rosen vs. Harry Felix, Billy Petrolle vs. Ace Hudkins, Andy Divodi vs. Lew Tendler, Sid Terris vs. Sammy Mandell?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Felix, Hudkins, Divodi, Terris.

Ernest Beateen, Canada.

Q.—Did Harry Wills ever knock out Bill Tate?

A.—Yes, two rounds.

Maurice Yablonka, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) Has Jack Delaney any chance of annexing the heavy crown? (2) Why is Ruby Goldstein not considered a top notcher and a coming champion since his knockout at hands of Ace Hudkins? (3) Who would win in the following bouts—Goldstein vs. Divodi, Hudkins vs. Mandell, Rosenberg vs. La Barba?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) He is not a good fighter. (3) Divodi, Hudkins, La Barba.

John Smith, Wilwaukee, Wis.

Q.—(1) How can L reach Paddy Mullins, manager of Wills? (2) Was Jimmy De Forest Dempsey's trainer for his fight with Willard? Does he manage any fighters, and has he a gym in New York City?

A.—(1) No. 217 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y. (2) De Forest conditioned Dempsey at Toledo. He is not managing any fighters but he is training Harry Persson, the big Swede. He has no gym.

Young Berly, Garfield, N. J.

Q.—(1) Who would win in the following bouts—Delaney vs. Tunney, Ace Hudkins vs. Sergeant Sammy Baker, Monte Munn vs. King Solomon? (2) Where does Berlenbach live, and could he defeat Tunney?

A.—(1) Delaney, Hudkins, Munn. (2) Astoria, L. I. No.

A Loyal Reader of The Ring, New York.

Q.—(1) Who is the recognized featherweight champion of the world? (2) Could Leonard in a comeback beat Joe Dundee? (3) Who would win in a return bout between Tony Vaccarelli and Ruby Goldstein? (4) Can Johnny Dundee whip Tod Morgan? (5) Who would win in the following bouts—Eddie Shea vs. Benny Bass, Joe Dundee vs. Pete Latzo, Tunney vs. Firpo, Dempsey vs. Wills?

A.—(1) Louis (Kid) Kaplan recently vacated the throne. (2) No. (3) Goldstein. (4) Morgan recently beat Dundee at San Francisco. (5) Shea, Dundee, Tunney, Dempsey.

A Constant Reader, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Q.—(1) After losing to Frankie Schoell, will Maxie Rosenbloom still ahve a chance at Tiger Flowers? (2) What class is Kid Kaplan now in? (3) Were there any championship bouts held in October? (4) Has Johnny Dundee any chance of regaining his title? (5) Who are the leading contenders in all classes?

A. (1) Rosenbloom recently defeated champion Flowers on a foul but it was a handicap match. (2) Lightweight. (3) Tod Morgan successfully defended his junior lightweight laurels against Joe Glick and Johnny Dundee, respectively. (4) No. (5) Heavyweight—Jack Sharkey, Jim Maloney, Jack Dempsey, Harry Persson. Light heavy—Mike McTigue, Paul Berlenbach, Yale Okun, Tommy Loughran, Maxie Rosenbloom, Jimmy Slattery. Middleweight—Mickey Walker, Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Jack Malone, Maxie Rosenbloom, Johnny Wilson, George Courtney. Welterweight—Joe Dundee, Ace Hudkins, Andy Divodi, Tommy Freeman, George Ward, Jack Hood, Alf Mancini, Sergeant Sammy Baker. Lightweight—Sid Terris, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Phil McGraw, Stanislaus Loayza, Jack Bernstein, Spug Meyers, George (Kid) Lee, Ruby Goldstein. Junior lightweight—Joe Glick, Babe Herman, Carl Duane, Frankie Fink. Featherweight—Andre Routis, Honeyboy Finne, Eddie Shea, Benny Bass, Eddie Anderson, Chick Suggs. Bantamweight—Bud Taylor, Bushey Graham, Teddy Baldock, Leo (Kid) Roy, Pete Sarmbiento. Flyweight—Frankie Genaro, Georgie Marks, Davey Abad, Clever Sencio, Black Bill.

V. Hodge, Sacremento, Cal.

Q.—Could Jim Corbett in his prime whip Gene Tunney?

A.—Yes.

M. Farley, Lancaster, Pa.

Q.—Who are the champions of each division up to the present time?

A.—Heavyweight, Gene Tunney; light heavyweight, Jack Delaney; middleweight, Tiger Flowers; welterweight, Pete Latzo; junior welterweight, Mushy Callahan; lightweight, Sammy Mandell; featherweight, vacant; junior lightweight, Tod Morgan; bantamweight, Charley (Phil) Rosenberg; flyweight, Fidel La Barba.

Fight Fan, Oneonta, N. Y.

Q.—Who has the hardest punch, Delaney or Boston Jack Sharkey.

A.—Delaney.

Harry Baker, New Brunswick, N. J.

Q.—(1) Who would win in the following bouts—Mandell vs. McGraw, Kaplan vs. Hudkins, Wills vs. Dempsey? (2) Is there any champion in any class of Albanian ancestry, or origin?

A.—(1) Mandell, Kaplan, Dempsey. (2) Sammy Mandell.

Joseph Malloy, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Is Andy Divodi to be considered as a contender for the welter title? (2) Could he whip Harry Ebbets? (3) Who would win in a Divodi-Ruby Goldstein bout both scaling 140 pounds?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) He has beaten him. (3) Divodi.

C. H. Minge, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) Who was winning the fight when Joe Dundee cut Tommy Freeman's eye? (2) Which welters can beat Freeman? (3) Do you think Shuffle Callahan is the hardest hitter among the welters, and can he lick any slugger he fights in that class except scientific fighters?

A.—(1) About even up. (2) Latzo, Dundee, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Alf Mancini. (3) Shuffle Callahan is a third rater.

Richard Washburn, Springfield, Mass.

Q.—(1) Do you think Young Stribling is through as a boxer? (2) Would Jimmy Slattery stand a chance of defeating Jack Delaney? (3) Who was the greatest heavyweight champion boxer?

A.—(1) No. (2) No. (3) Jim Corbett.

Apolonio Morales, McAllen, Texas.

Q.—When a boxer is knocked down does the other boxer go to a neutral corner?

A.—Yes.

Eddie Peck, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Nate Goldman ever knock out Lew Tendler? (2) Who was the first one to stop Tendler?

A.—(1) No. (2) Jack Zivic.

Nick Tagliaferro, New York City.

Q.—Has Eddie (Cannonball) Martin fought since he lost the title and whom did he fight?

A.—Yes. He lost to Lew Perfetti.

Robert Brunt, Hill, N. H.

Q.—Can anyone manage a fighter or does it take an expert?

A.—Years ago it was an art to manage a fighter. Nowadays most of the fighters manage their managers.

Al Silberman, Newark, N. J.

Q.—If Leonard and Walker were both in their prime who would win between them?

A.—Leonard by himself.

M. Kessler, Hartford, Conn.

Q.—Is it true that Paul Berlenbach has received at least $50,000 for his end of the purse in some bouts?

A.—Yes.

Hoboken Terror, Hoboken, N. J.

Q.—(1) How can I become an amateur boxer? (2) What is the address of the Metropolitan A. A. U.? (3) I am seventeen years old, weight 142 pounds, five feet seven inches in height. Am I too light for my age?

A.—(1) Enroll with the Amateur Athletic Union. (2) No. 305 Broadway, New York City. (3) No.

Jack Prince, Phoenix, Ariz.

Q.—(1) Where can I get some good boxing pictures? (2) Who is a better fighter Ace Hudkins or Tommy O'Brien?

A.—(1) Write to Nat Fleischer, editor, The Ring. (2) Hudkins.

A Reader, Long Beach, L. I.

Q.—Who would win in the following bouts—Jack Delaney vs. Tommy Loughran, Jimmy Slattery xs. Maxie Rosenbloom, Red Chapman vs. Scotty McDonald, Jack Sharkey vs. Luis Firpo?

A.—Delaney, Rosenbloom, Chapman, Sharkey.

Lewis Holliday, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Harlem Tommy Murphy ever fight Abe Attell and what were the results? (2) Who is the cleverer, Delaney

A CORRECTION

In the October issue, page 17, reference is made under a page cut to the Jeffries-Fitz fight in 1898 at Coney Island. The illustration shows them, instead, as they appeared in the San Francisco battle.

or Carpentier? (3) Could Stribling beat Greb, Lew Hurley whip Joe Malone and Carpentier beat Berlenbach?

A.—(1) Yes, twice. Attell lost in twenty rounds and in return bout held Murphy even. (2) Delaney. (3) Greb dould have beaten Stribling, Hurley could whip Malone and Carpentier knew too much for Berlenbach.

Frank M. Vostine, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—I am nineteen years old, weigh 148 pounds and am six feet tall. What class should I start in and where can I get a good manager around here?

A.—Middleweight. Don't know of any managers lying around loose in Jacksonville.

Phil Somsky, New York.

Q.—(1) What have become of Abe Attell and Joe Choynski? (2) How would you rate Frankie Garcia?

A.—(1) They are working at their trades. (2) Second rater.

Leo Cormier, Whitman, Mass.

Q.—(1) Where is Gunboat Smith? (2) Who would win between Georges Carpentier and Jack Delaney, both in their prime? (3) In the Delaney-Berlenbach fight last Decembr, who was knocked down?

A.—(1) In the movies, doing very well, thank you. (2) Delaney. (3) Berlenbach.

Marlin T. Hall, San Antonio, Tex.

Q.—I am five feet seven inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. Who is the champion of the division I am in? I am eighteen years old and if I have a good enough record to warrant a fight with the champion, would I get it or would I be too young?

A.—Tod Morgan is the titleholder. In New York State you are considered too young, besides nobody ever heard of you.

Terry Maloney, Schenectady, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Does Jack Dempsey plan his fights ahead of battle? (2) What is the difference between a rushing, boring-in fighter, a slugger, and a club fighter? Why don't the Irish fighters predominate as of old?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) No different. (3) You've had two heavyweight champs in a row—Dempsey and Tunney.

Alfred Sheffler, New York City.

Q.—What is the address of Erwin Bige whose manager is Leo Flynn?

A.—Address him in care of Flynn in Hart Bldg., 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue.

A Reader, Piney Fork, Ohio.

Q.—(1) Has Jack Dempsey ever had his rib broken and by whom? (2) How many times did George Chip fight Tom Gibbons? (3) How many times did Chip fight Greb? (4) Who won the Willard-Tom McMahon bout at Youngstown, Ohio, in 1914? (5) Did Willard ever fight Dan Dailey?

A.—(1) Yes. John Lester Johnson. (2) They never fought. (3) Once. Chip knocked him out. (4) Willard. (5) Yes.

Leonard Zinberg, New York City.

Q.—How old is Tod Morgan?

A.—Over twenty-one but he doesn't look it.

R. Evans, New York City.

Q.—(1) Is there any Russian, German or Jewish blood in Young Stribling? (2) What type of a fighter is Charley (Phil) Rosenberg and why doesn't he fight around here? (3) How often is a professional allowed to fight in New York?

A.—(1) No. (2) Good fighter. Ask his manager. (3) Six days for star bouts and four days for preliminaries.

H. Abel, Cleveland, O.

Q.—What nationality is Jake Abel, where was he born and is he still fighting?

A.—Hebrew-American, Atlanta, Ga. No.

I. A. Tull, Yale, Okla.

Q.—Who fought Leonard in his last fight?

A.—Pal Moran.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) I have a cross eye (left one). Will I be allowed to box professionally in New York State? (2) What is the license fee for a beginner in New York City? (3) Is it better to box in a standing or crouching position? (4) How old must one be to box professional and amateur?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) $15. (3) Both. (4) Professional, 17, amateur, 15.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) What was Stanley Ketchel's famous shift? (2) What is George Chaney's knock out record? (3) How many times did Ketchel fight?

A.—(1) He could shift with either hand. (2) About 100. (3) 60.

Harry Pozensky, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Dempsey ever fight in the amateurs? (2) Who was the best man Leonard ever defeated?

A.—(1) No. (2) Lew Tendler.

Vernon J. Witmer, Clinton, Iowa.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Pal Moore and Pal Moran, and what were some of their principal fights?

A.—American, Italian-American. Moore fought every bantam champion. Moran held his own with Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler, Richie Mitchell.

Lawson Bampton, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—(1) Do you think Mickey Walker will come back or is he finished with the topnotchers? (2) Is Bud Taylor better than Chick Suggs and Bushey Graham?

A.—(1) He is fighting as a middleweight. He celebrated his start in the heavier division by whipping Shuffle Callahan. (2) No.

Raul Fernandez, Havana, Cuba.

Q.—Who is the champion junior welter of the world?

A.—Mushy Callahan.

An East Side Fan, New York City.

Q.—Where can I reach Abe Katz, manager of Charley Rosen?

A.—Billy Gibson's office, Liggett Bldg., 42nd Street and Madison Avenue.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—What has become of Midget Smith?

A.—He is making his headquarters in Chicago where he boxes now and then.

Young Al Breewn, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Where can I locate a good manager in Chicago?

A.—Look up Jim Mullen at his gymnasium.

Oswald H. Powell, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) Why don't they take moving pictures of championship bouts? (2) Could Tunney have beaten Carpentier, Gibbons and Dempsey at their best? (3) Do you think Dempsey will ever make a comeback?

A.—(1) They do. (2) No. (3) Problematical.

L. J. Galli, Brooklyn, New York.

Q.—(1) Who is the best prospect in the heavyweight class? (2) Who would win in the following bouts—Carl Duane vs. Tod Morgan, Ruby Goldstein vs. Phil McGraw, Lew Kersch vs. Sammy Dorfman?

A.—(1) Jack Sharkey. (2) Morgan, McGraw, Dorfman.

James Koudonnes, New York City.

Q.—How many times did Berlenbach and Delaney fight, and what were the results?

A.—Three times. Delaney knocked Paul out in the first meeting, Berlenbach turned the tables on him in the second, and in the third fight Delaney sheard Paul of his light heavyweight laurels.

A Fan, New York City.

Q.—(1) What is your opinion of Ruby Goldstein? Is he a boxer or a slugger? Has he got good footwork? (2) Is Sammy Dorfman a good boxer?

A.—(1) Good fighter. He is a boxer and has good footwork. (2) No.

Angelo La Russo, New York City.

Q.—(1) Does Joe Dundee rate with Jack Britton for cleverness? Is he a hard hitter? Would he win from Pete Latzo? (2) Who would win between Kid Kaplan and Ace Hudkins?

A.—(1) No. He can beat Latzo. (2) Kaplan.

Robert Ostrander, Ilion, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who would win in the following bouts—Bushey Graham vs. Bud Taylor, Terris vs. Mandell, Delaney vs. Tunney? (2) How do the following rate in their respective divisions—Black Bill, Young Marullo, Johnny Risko and Morris Meola? (3) Whom do you consider the most scientific bantam in the game?

A.—(1) Graham, Terris, Delaney. (2) They have no rating. (3) Bushey Graham.

James Benham, Great Neck, L. I.

Q.—Who would win between Gans and McGovern, Les Darcy and Stanley Ketchel and Johnny Dundee and Terry McGovern in their prime?

A.—Gans, Darcy, McGovern.

P. P. Varney, Makatia, Tahiti.

Q.—(1) Could Young Stribling beat Tunney, Delaney, Ad Stone, Gorman, Sharkey, Maloney, Hugman, Solomon, Okun, McTigue, De Mave, Carpentier, Renault and Rosenbloom? (2) Where can I purchase photos of Stribling and Tunney? (3) What has become of the Police Gazette, is it still being published?

A.—(1) Stribling might whip Stone, Gorman, Hugman, Solomon, De Mave, Renault. (2) Write to Nat Fleischer, editor of The Ring. (3) Yes.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of THE RING, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1926.

State of New York } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers, are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City. Editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stocks should be given.) The Ring, Inc., 91 7th Avenue, New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, 91 7th Avenue, New York City; A. D. Phillips, 91 7th Avenue, New York City; Daniel M. Daniel, 91 7th Avenue, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of October, 1926.

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The Everlast Knuckle and Wrist Protectors (Patent Pending) is made of leather and padded and lined with bamboo rods to protect every bone in the hand,

And the new Everlast Dummy Bag is constructed of reenforced leather and lined with sponge rubber and a special preparation of cork that will yield readily to blows and absorb all shocks.

The combination will leave your hands perfect. There is a world of other protecting equipment in the Everlast Boxing catalog sent FREE for the asking.

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